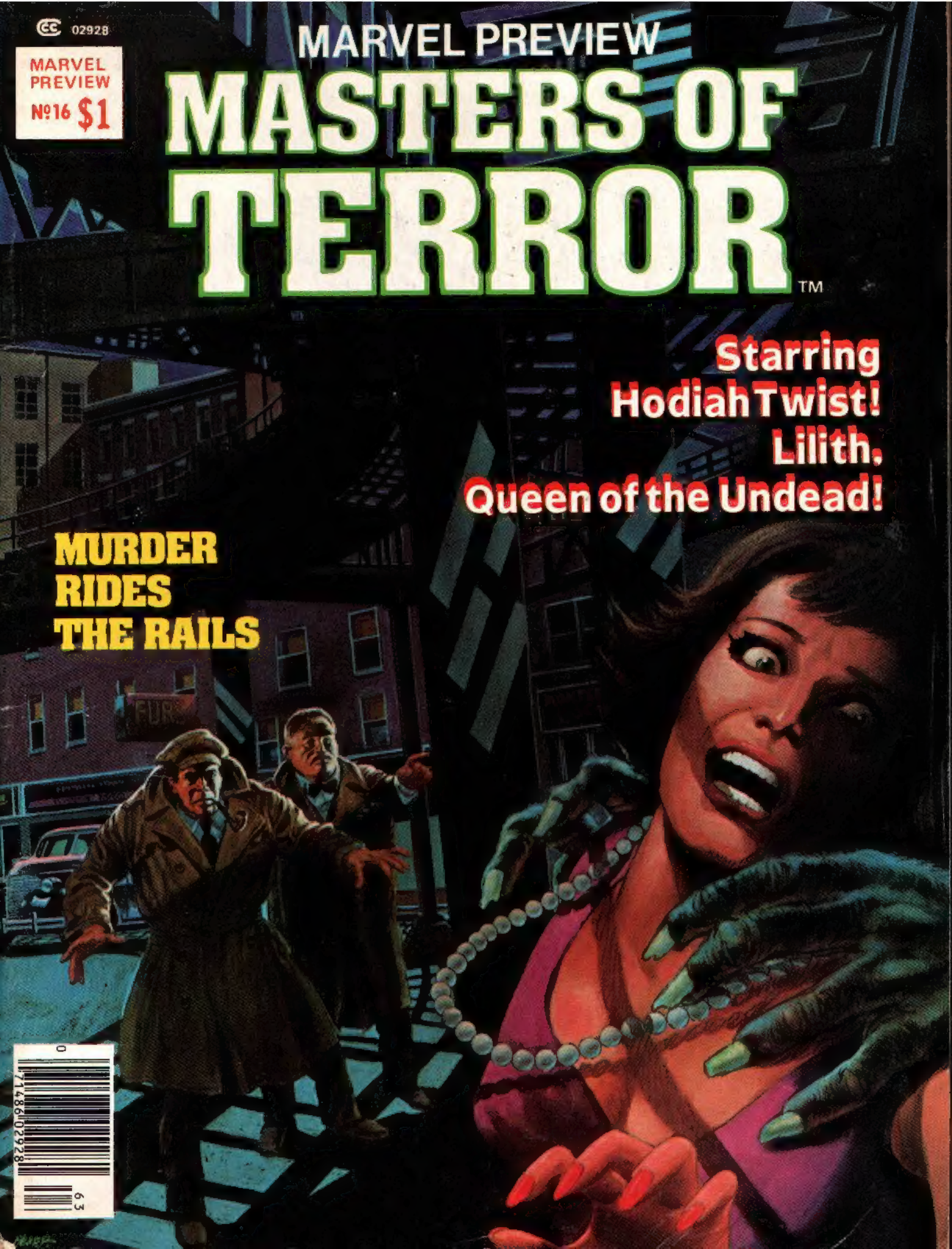
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MARVEL PREVIEW
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MARVEL PREVIEW
MASTERS OF TERROR™
Starring Hodiah Twist!
Lilith, Queen of the Undead!
MURDER RIDES THE RAILS
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MEN
T WORK
John Buscema

STAN LEE PRESENTS
MARVEL PREVIEW'S
MASTERS OF TERROR

Vol. 1 No. 16 Fall 1978

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Editorials

Out of the Dark

Detective and horror stories in comics are particularly well suited for the black-and-white genre. This issue of MARVEL PREVIEW makes us proud for several reasons: the appropriate match-up just noted; the absolutely stellar team on the stories and text; the delicate tonework of the art; and the deft handling of the subject themes.

Detective and horror stories have naturally and traditionally lingered, lurked and skulked in the dark areas. The shadows, dank alleys and dusky corridors are the very wombs of our heroes in these fields, whether they be hard-boiled dicks or vampiresses. To brighten them up with color would almost be sacrilegious—at the very least inappropriate. So the great traditions of pulp illustrations and clsssic black-and-white horror flicks (reflecting the murkiness as well as the contrasts and implications of black-and-white values in life) are here for you.

After the stunning frontispiece by the great John Buscema—chilling and evocative—you'll notice that the rest of the issue is an all-Colan magazine. Buscema's recent bailiwicks have been Conan and Thor, while Gene Colan has mastered practically everything in the last generation of comics—most recently Howard the Duck and Dracula—and now hangs his hat largely in the Marvel Supercolor Magazine department. Hopefully you've caught some of his work in the recent JAWS 2 adaptation; if your dealer is out, catch Gene's magazine work in upcoming Star-Lord, Howard the Duck and Rolling Stones issues.

Gene, by the way, just as we prepare this, has been awarded the prestigious "Yellow Kid" Award by the International Festival of Comics in Lucca, Italy. Our congratulations to Gene for this richly deserved honor.

Herein Gene's pencils and layouts have been embellished by inker extraordinaire Tony deZuniga and —what word can we use but *painted*—by Tom Palmer. Tom's handling of the varieties of shades, tones and textures give an almost photographic likeness to our bizarre anthology tale.

We can likewise boast of the writing credits in this ish. Three of the most respected names in comics have given us their best. It may be that the story that served as the basis for the lead tale is one of Don Mc Gregor's best—a pulsating, obsessive episode not without its light moments and ironies. Steve Gerber had graced us with a Gerberesque classic—need we say more?—of Lilith, and Marv L. Wolfman has turned a very neat little trick with a short, intense, frightening tale as current and disturbing as yesterday's police blotter.

To round it off—icing on the cake, as it were—we sought out one of the foremost writers in both these genres, Ron Goulart, to trace something of the heritage we draw on here. Ron has won many awards for his works of mystery, action, horror, humor and science fiction; he has been termed by one perceptive critic The Master of Ghoul-Art. His latest duties—besides essays for us and back-up stories for future s-f issues of PREVIEW—include scripting the newspaper strip Star Hawks, drawn by Gil Kane.

Oh, yes; to bring things a step further, Gil Kane will appear in the next ish of PREVIEW in the form of the complete, never-before-published Blackmark epic. Stick around, sweets; things are only warmin' up.

Hodiah Twist appeared in Marvel's VAMPIRE TALES #2 and won a reader's poll for that issue. He is an interesting character who, obviously, sees himself as a crimefighter in the Holmes mold. Most of his contemporaries see him as just plain mold—a throwback to the past, a dinosaur, ultra-eccentric. But in that borderline area between genius and whackoville, Hodiah whirls dervishly back and forth across the old line, making a lot of sense and solving some heinous crimes in the meantime.

Richard Marshall.

Themes Like Old Times

Cast Asides

RANDY WAS NOT SURE WHEN THE TUTORING BEGAN, BUT HIS AUNT HESTER HAD FIRST INTRODUCED HIM TO THE IDEA.
SHE WOULD RAIL AGAINST HIS UNCLE FRED... MOSTLY WHEN UNCLE FRED WASN'T AROUND... AND RANDY WAS.
BUSY
"MEN ARE SUCH BEASTS," SHE WOULD INFORM HIM, NOT THAT IT MEANT MUCH TO THE CHILD'S MIND AT THE TIME.
"WOMEN HAVE TO SUFFER MEN'S LUSTS," AUNT HESTER WOULD TELL HIM, WITH SOFT MARTYR'S SIGHS AND A LONG-SUFFERING LOOK.
SUBWAY
ONE FLIGHT UP
"YOU'RE SUCH A GOOD BOY, RANDY... BUT YOU'LL BECOME A MAN AND BE JUST LIKE THE REST... I GUESS IT'S THE NATURE OF THE BEAST."
THE HERO-KILLER PRINCIPLE!
THAT'S HOW IT STARTED. WHERE WILL IT END? TONIGHT, GROPING ALMOST MINDLESSLY, RANDY IS LIKE A MOTH DRAWN UPWARD TO A FLAME--TO THE LIGHTS OF THE 8TH AVENUE "EL", TO THE FULL MOON, TO THE TRACKS THAT LEAD... AWAY...

MAYBE AUNT HESTER WAS RIGHT. VIRGINIA THOUGHT SO TONIGHT, THAT WAS FOR SURE.
RANDY, ALONE WITH HIS GRIEF, GRIEVED BY HIS MEMORIES, WAITS FOR THE ELE-VATED TRAIN...
WHAT WERE THESE OBSESSIONS? WHAT WAS THIS NEED FOR VIRGINIA?
WHY DOES THE CARESS OF HER HAND HAUNT HIM SO?
VIRGINIA, PLEASE!
HE IS AFRAID HE HAS SPOKEN THE WORDS ALOUD. HAVE THE OTHER PASSENGERS HEARD HIM TALKING TO HIMSELF?
SMOKE
WITHOUT

WHY SHOULD I CARE? THEY ALL PRETEND TO IGNORE ME... BUT THEY ALL HATE ME.
THE WHOLE WORLD HATES ME.
BABY POWDER
JUST LIKE VIRGINIA.
RANDY STEPS OUT INTO THE COOL CARESS OF NIGHT AIR, AS IF ITS ANSWERS MIGHT RUSH BY.
VIRGINIA! AGAIN HE SCREAMS --
HE WILL NEVER GET THE CHANCE TO TOUCH VIRGINIA, GENTLY OR OTHERWISE.
EVER.

HODIAH TWIST WOULD NEVER ADMIT IT, ESPECIALLY TO HIS CONSTANT COMPANION CONRAD JEAVONS, BUT THE EARLIER EVENTS OF THE NIGHT HAD LEFT HIM A BIT OUT OF SORTS.
THE PROBLEM, AS I SEE IT, JEAVONS, IS ENTIRELY A MATHEMATICAL EQUATION.
YOU DON'T SAY, HODIAH!
BUT I DO. CONSIDER IT, JEAVONS. ALL OF THE GRISLY MURDERS IN THESE PAST MONTHS HAVE OCCURED DURING THE FULL MOON CYCLE. DO YOU FOLLOW ME SO FAR?
ABSOLUTELY, HODIAH.
NOW, AS THE GOOD INSPECTOR HIMSELF IS AWARE, THESE SINGULAR SLAUGHTERS HAVE ALL TAKEN PLACE ABOARD THE ELEVATED TRAINS OVER MANHATTAN, OF WHICH THERE ARE ONLY SEVERAL TRACKS.
THIS IS THE EIGHTH AVENUE LINE WE ARE ABOUT TO BOARD. THE LINE COMMENCED OPERATIONS IN 1879, YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED TO NOTE, JEAVONS.
AND WHAT HAS THAT FACT TO DO WITH YOUR EQUATION?
PERHAPS NOTHING, PERHAPS EVERYTHING. ONE MUST KEEP AN OPEN MIND, EVEN A KEEN SENSE OF HISTORY, IN SUCH PERPLEXING MATTERS.
BY DETERMINING THE AREAS IN WHICH HE HAS ALREADY SLAIN, I CAN DEDUCE THAT THIS TRAIN IS THE SOLE REMAINING ELEVATED TRAIN SPARED.
ARE YOU PERPLEXED, HODIAH?
NEVER!
NOW, IF THE HISTORY OF THIS CASE RUNS TRUE, THE KILLER--HENCEFORTH THOUGHT BE STRIKING AT RANDOM-- WILL BE RIDING ONE OF THE "ELS" TONIGHT.
8

AND I'M SURE OUR FRIEND THE INSPECTOR MISSED THAT FACT.
THE PASSENGERS REGARD THE CAR'S NEW ARRIVALS WITH INTEREST.
YOUNG JEFFREY WINTERS LOOKS UPON THE INTENSE FACE UNDER THE FIVE-AND-DIME DEERSTALKER HAT WITH 14-YEAR-OLD EYES REFLECTING ENCHANTMENT...

...AN ENCHANTMENT LITTLE SHARED BY GLADYS JONES, WHO HAS SEEN HER SHARE OF WEIRDOS SINCE BEGINNING HER CAREER AS A CHAMPAGNE DANCER AND LODGE-HOUSE ENTERTAINER.

COL. WITHERSPOON IS LESS PLACID. HE DIRECTS A SCOWL OF CONTEMPTUOUS DISDAIN TOWARD THE TWO MEN, AS IF THEY, ALONE, EPITOMIZE THE-- BY GAD!-- DECLINE IN AMERICAN MANNERS.

MILDRED ARGOT DEIGNS TO OBSERVE THE PAIR WITH AN EXPRESSION BEFITTING HER GRAND DAME--IF A BIT PRETENTIOUS AND SEEDY-- DEMEANOR.

OUR CITY FATHERS CONTEND THAT THEY FOUL THE AIR, THESE SKY-SPANNING LOCOMOTIVES, AND THAT THEY ADD TOO CACAPHONOUS A CLAMOR OVER THE STREETS...
...BUT MARK MY WORDS, JEAVONS...

COMMUTERS WILL NEVER STAND FOR THOSE OPPRESIVE, MOLE-MAZE, RAT-TRAP SUBWAYS AS THEIR SOLE MEANS OF TRAVEL! NEVER!

"THESE IMBECILIC POLITICIANS OVERLOOK THE OBVIOUS ...THAT PEOPLE LOVE TO RIDE THE "ELS"... TO VIEW THE CITY SPREAD BELOW THEM AS IF THEY ARE ITS MASTER...
"INSTEAD OF THE WAY IT REALLY IS."
HUMAN NATURE, JEAVONS--IT'S WHAT YOU MUST OBSERVE--CONSTANTLY.
AND THEN ALL ELSE BECOMES EVIDENT.
IMAGINE THAT, EXCUSE ME, HODIAH, BUT BEHIND YOU...
HE...HE... THE BLOOD.. IT'S BLOOD..
HODIAH WHIRLS, SENSES ALERT, SURE OF FOOT, ANTICIPATING AND READY FOR WHATEVER AWAITS HIM IN THE NEXT CAR!
BACK DURING THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE AND THE STOCK MARKET CRASHES, THERE WAS A TIME WHEN HE WAS NOT READY..
...A TIME WHEN HE LOST HIS FORTUNE, A TIME WHEN HE LOST HIS WIFE...
...A TIME, ACCORDING TO SOME, WHEN HE LOST HIS MIND.
BUT AS FOR HODIAH, HE NEVER ACTUALLY VERBALIZED THE THOUGHT SINCE THEN, BUT HE NOW ACTS AS IF HE MUST NEVER AGAIN BE CAUGHT UNPREPARED FOR ANY OF FATE'S VAGARIES.
8TH AV
CERTAINLY NOT!

AND WHO IN HELL ARE YOU, SIR, TO TELL US TO DO ANYTHING?
I AM HODIAH TWIST, COLONEL. I WORK QUITE CLOSELY WITH CIVILIAN AUTHORITIES BEYOND YOUR JURISDICTIONS..
THERE IS NO NEED TO PANIC. IT WOULD BE BEST IF YOU ALL REMAIN SEATED.
...AND FROM THIS POINT ON, UNTIL WE HAVE DISCOVERED THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THIS NEFARIOUS TURN OF EVENTS, I SHALL ASK THE QUESTIONS!

FOUL PLAY! AS I SUSPECTED, JEAVONS..
GOOD LORD, HODIAH! YOU WERE RIGHT!
I'VE HEARD OF YOU, MR. TWIST. I PRIDE MYSELF ON HAVING A PERCEPTIVE EAR AND EYE... MILDRED ARGOT, AT YOUR SERVICE... YOU'VE HEARD OF ME, I TRUST?

NOT THAT I RECALL, MADAME.. AND I AM NOT ONE PRONE TO LAPSES OF MEMORY.

ARE YOU LIKE ONE O' THEM HEROES? LIKE DOC SAVAGE OR THE SHADOW?
I AM NOT FAMILIAR WITH EITHER OF THOSE GENTLEMEN, EITHER, SON..

ECHHH!
I'M NOT STAYIN' ON THIS HEAP WITH NO STIFF! IT'S OFF FER ME AT THE NEXT STOP, BELIEVE YOU ME!

IF YOU BE SO KIND... A GAME IS AFOOT! AND NO ONE DISAPPEARS UNTIL IT IS RESOLVED!

WE WILL ALL DISEMBARK AT THE NEXT PLATFORM, AND JEAVONS WILL SUMMON THE INSPECTOR WHILST I ENDEAVOR TO THROW LIGHT...
BOOMPH!
THE LIGHTS, JEAVONS, THEY'VE GONE OUT!
KEEP THAT MATCH LIT!
CRUSHH!
QUICK, JEAVONS, THE NEEDLESS WASTAGE OF TIME OFT COSTS...
...A SOLUTION OR CAPTURE!

HODIAH, I THOUGHT I GLIMPSED SOMETHING PASS US, I...
GAZE UPON THIS WRECKAGE, MY DEAR CHAP... THE DOOR HAS BEEN BRUTALIZED BEYOND RECOGNITION, IT WILL NO LONGER OPEN.
LET US HURRY, JEAVONS. THERE IS ONLY ONE REASON THIS FIEND WOULD...
BREKSS!
WE'RE TOO LATE! HE MAY ALREADY HAVE ACCOMPLISHED HIS END!
QUICKLY! BEFORE HE CAN FLEE THIS SCENE!
IS HE TRYING TO RIP OPEN THE DOORS AND JUMP FROM THE TRAIN? IS THAT HIS INTENT?
QUITE THE OPPOSITE, JEAVONS... YOU SEE, HE HAS WARPED THESE DOORS JUST AS HE HAS THE OTHERS!
HE HAS TRAPPED US IN HERE WITH HIM-- NO DOUBT FOR SOME FURTHER VICTIMIZATION. I BEGIN TO SUSPECT THAT IT WAS SOMETHING RECENTLY SPOKEN THAT SPURRED HIM INTO SUCH FRENZY.
HAVING TOTAL RECALL OF THE CONVERSATIONS PRIOR TO HIS BERSERK RAMPAGE, IT IS APPARENT THAT MY THREAT TO SEND YOU TO THE AUTHORITIES PROMPTED HIS REACTION.
OR IT MIGHT BE THE GIRL, HODIAH... DIDN'T SHE SPEAK ALSO?

MIGHT I OFFER A PAIR OF CANDLES FOR YOUR ENLIGHTENMENT, MR. TWIST?
YOU HAVE BETRAYED A WILLINGNESS TO CO-OPERATE WHICH WE MUST NOTE, MADAME. I AM IN YOUR DEBT.
MY MOTHER ALWAYS SAID I'D COME TO NO GOOD...
IN THE FUTURE, YOUNG LADY...
...YOU MIGHT ADD THAT COL. WITHERSPOON, IN THE FLESH, HAS ANNOUNCED THAT YOU HAD A BAD BEGINNING AS WELL!
PLEASE... LET... ME... OFF...
COME, JEAVONS, WE APPROACH A STATION. LET US SEE IF WE CANNOT PRY THE DOOR OPEN WHEN SHE STOPS.
BUT THE MANGLED DOORS DO NOT BUDGE...
...LEAVING THE GROUP ALIENATED AND ISOLATED IN THEIR MYSTERIOUS DEATH-CAR.
AN UNFORTUNATE TURN, TO BE SURE...
THE TRAIN SUDDENLY LUNGES FORWARD...
...BUT WE MUST NOT LOSE OUR HEADS, JEAVONS!
BUT IF NO ONE CAN GET IN...

THERE IS A LOGICAL--AND OMINOUS--CONCLUSION TO WHAT YOU SUGGEST, JEAVONS.
BUT IT IS A SITUATION AND NOT A THEORY THAT CONFRONTS US.
THE MANIACAL MURDERER ON THIS VERY CAR MAY BE ELUDING US...
BUT, REST ASSURED, WE ARE ON HIS TRACK!
STOP PLAYING YOUR DAMN GAMES AND GET ME OFF THIS TRAIN! I'M NOT STAYING ON HERE TO BE INSULTED BY THAT OLD CREEP, OR TO LISTEN TO VICTORIAN MELODRAMAS, OR TO STARE AT THAT STIFF!
THERE, THERE, PLEASE KEEP CALM... SEE, YOU'VE HURT YOURSELF.
HODIAH!
THE COLONEL! HE'S GONE... HE'S...

THE UNFORTUNATE COLONEL WAS A MISONEIST OF THE FIRST ORDER, JEAVONS... REFUSED TO RECOGNIZE CHANGE. DID HIM IN.
I SOMETIMES SUSPECT YOU MIGHT BE A BIT THE SAME, HODIAH.
NOT SO!
LET US PUT THE POOR CHAP DOWN HERE.
I NEED TO INSPECT THAT BODY CLOSELY, MR TWIST.
I WOULD INQUIRE AS TO WHAT PURPOSE YOU HAVE IN MIND, MADAM.
I SUSPECT THE OXYGEN WAS INGENIOUSLY INJECTED INTO HIS VEINS--
--WHICH WOULD THEN STOP THE CIRCULATION OF BLOOD WHEN THE AIR BUBBLE REACHED HIS HEART!
BUT, LADY, HIS HEAD WAS OBVIOUSLY CRUSHED, NOT TO MENTION THE GHASTLY ABSENCE OF HIS TONGUE.
IS THAT RIGHT? WELL, IT DOES NOT RULE OUT THE POSSIBILITY!

THE WOMAN IS ABSOLUTELY BONKERS, JEAVONS.
BUT LET HER AMUSE HERSELF. IT WILL GIVE US A CHANCE TO LOCATE THE SPOT WHERE THE COLONEL WAS ACTUALLY KILLED.
COME ALONG WITH US, SON. WHAT'D YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?
JEFFREY WINTERS. YOU KNOW, THIS ISN'T ANYTHING LIKE THE SATURDAY MATINEES. I MEAN WHEN PEOPLE GET KILLED IN MONSTER OR COWBOY-HERO MOVIES, IT'S NOT SO BLOODY.
"LET'S GET HIS MIND OFF THESE GRISLY AFFAIRS, HODIAH. MINE TOO, NOW THAT I THINK OF IT."
"WE WERE DISCUSSING CHANGE, WERE WE NOT?" ASKS JEAVONS. "I DISTINCTLY RECALL THAT EARLIER, BEFORE THESE SAD, SORRY CIRCUMSTANCES, YOU RAILED AGAINST THESE VERY TRAINS BEING PHASED OUT FOR NEW CONVEYANCES."
--GREAT TRAINS... HEROES... WHATEVER. THEY SHOULD NOT ALL BE PASSE!
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE, LAD? A TRAIN ENGINEER? A COWBOY-HERO?
I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T UNDERSTAND MUCH THAT HAPPENS TO ME THESE DAYS. DON'T KNOW HOW TO EXPLAIN IT.
LIKE WHEN I'M NEAR LADIES LIKE MISS GLADYS, I GET TO FEELING STRANGE.
HODIAH PAUSES AND ANSWERS: "AS TO YOUR INQUIRY, DEAR FRIEND, I IMPLIED THAT THEIR DAYS MIGHT BE NUMBERED... THERE IS A DIFFERENCE. ANYHOW, WHO WOULD WANT EVERYTHING TO WITHER AWAY..."

THE LAD'S BEGINNING TO NOTICE GIRLS, JEAVONS. IT'S A QUITE NATURAL PHENOMENON, SON, DO NOT FEAR IT.'
MAKE SELECT PEOPLE IMPORTANT IN YOUR LIFE, SON, AND STAND FAST BY THEM--
--AND ALSO KEEP A SENSE OF IMPORTANCE ABOUT WHAT YOU DO! DON'T EVER LET THE WORLD TAKE THAT AWAY FROM YOU. IT WILL DAMNED WELL TRY!'
AND IT WILL CURSE YOU...
EXCUSE ME, HODIAH, BUT WE DO HAVE A PAIR OF MURDERS...AND THE CULPRIT IS EVIDENTLY AMONG US ON THIS BLACKENED CAR...
NO NEED TO PANIC, MR. JEAVONS.
I KNOW WHO THE MURDERER IS!
AND WHAT DO YOU SURMISE, MADAM? THAT EVERYONE ABOARD THIS TRAIN IS THE KILLER?
I'VE UNRAVELLED THE PUZZLE! I KNOW YOU TRIED YOUR BEST, MR. TWIST, BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE CONSULTED ME.
EXACTLY! YOU ARE NOT AS SLOW AS ONE MIGHT GATHER. ALL THE DIVERSE MEMBERS OF THIS CARRIAGE HAVE BEEN WORKING IN TANDEM--
--AND THAT IS HOW THEY HAVE DECEIVED US IN THEIR DEVILISH MACHINATIONS!

MADAM, THAT IS AS HACKNEYED AND PREPOSTEROUS AS THE THEORY JEAVONS PROPOSED A FORTNIGHT AGO... THAT A WEREWOLF, OF ALL CREATURES, MIGHT BE INVOLVED IN THESE MURDERS SINCE THEY ALL OCCUR DURING A FULL MOON.
HAVE YOU CONSIDERED, MISS ARGOT, THAT BESIDES YOURSELF AND US, ONLY A YOUNG LADY AND A LAD NOW SHARE THIS LONELY CAR?
AND NEITHER ARE CAPABLE OF--
BE ALERT, JEAVONS! DON'T MISS A SQUARE INCH OF THIS CAR. IT MUST ALL COME UNDER SURVEILLANCE!
AAAUGH!

HODIAH LEANS OUT INTO THE TURBULENT AIR, AND HIS FINGERTIPS TELL HIM THAT THE WOMAN IS ALREADY DEAD.
THE LADY AND THE LAD AT THE OTHER END OF THE CAR... THEY'VE MADE NO REACTION TO THIS SINGULAR ATROCITY!
MILDRED ARGOT HAS MET HER MAKER DUE TO THIS FIEND, BUT DO YOU NOTICE, JEAVONS?
NOTICE WHAT?
MY WORD, HODIAH... DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY ARE SAFE?
HI, THERE, MR. HODIAH... SOMEBODY SAPPED ME OR SOMETHING. IT MADE ME WANT TO TOSS MY COOKIES!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT DID IT... I KINDA FELT IT, TOO ... FELT WEIRD... MADE ME FEEL WEIRD AND SCARED.
HOW COME YOU... YOU'RE NOT AFRAID?
WHAT ELSE ARE HEROES, BUT PEOPLE WHO DECIDE ON A COURSE OF ACTION AND FOLLOW IT TO ITS OWN IRREVOCABLE CONCLUSIONS--
--DESPITE WHATEVER PAINS, REJECTIONS, HOSTILITIES, AND THREATS THEY MAY ENCOUNTER ALONG THE WAY.
WHAT ELSE INDEED, HODIAH?

HEY! THAT'S GREAT! IT'S GREAT THE WAY YOU SAID IT! HOPALONG CASSIDY COULDN'TA SAID IT ANY BETTER!
YOUR ACQUAINTANCES, MY YOUNG FELLOW, ARE CALLED BY SOME UNIQUELY BIZARRE SOBRIQUETS.
OUR VIGILANCE MUST NOT SLACKEN NOW, JEAVONS. WE NEED THAT CANDLE RELIT... AND UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES MUST ANY OF US LEAVE THE PRESENCE OF THE OTHERS!
GOSH, Y'KNOW, WE'LL PROBABLY NEVER GET OFF THIS "EL"...DIE ALONG WITH IT...SEEMS LIKE EVERYTHING'S DYING, DON'T IT? KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
EVEN LA GUARDIA, BETCHA HE GOES, TOO, BUT WE'LL NEVER KNOW... NEVER KNOW WHETHER THE "LITTLE FLOWER" GETS ELECTED AS MAYOR AGAIN...
LA GUARDIA, HE'LL PROBABLY GO AROUND WITH AN AXE BUSTIN' UP BATHTUBS INSTEAD OF SLOT MACHINES, LIKE HE DID BACK IN '33.' HELL, WHEN THEY REPEALED PROHIBITION, PUT ME OUTTA WORK ANYHOW.
CHAMPAGNE BATHS WERE GOING OUT OF STYLE, ANYWAY, KNOW WHAT I MEAN? DON'T GET TO THE MEN LIKE IT USED TO.
I HANDLED IT! HAD MY OWN FANTASIES GOING!
'T COULD BE QUITE DANGEROUS PERFORMING FOR ALL THOSE MEN, MY DEAR...ALL THOSE SEPARATE FANTASIES AND REALITIES CROWDED IN ONE ROOM.
AND REALITY, MY DEAR. YOUR OWN REALITY, DON'T FORGET THAT.
JEAVONS, THERE'S ONLY ONE CONCEIVABLE CONCLUSION... IF THE LADY AND THE LAD ARE PHYSICALLY INCAPABLE OF SUCH SLAUGHTER, THEN WE ARE LEFT WITH ONE ALTERNATIVE.'
THE WEREWOLF?
OBVIOUSLY NOT! YOU AND YOUR WEREWOLVES, JEAVONS.
ONE OF THE VICTIMS WE PRESUMED DEAD--
--IS THE KILLER!

NO, HODIAH, I DON'T SEE IT THAT WAY I'M SORRY, YOU KNOW HOW I HATE TO DISAGREE, BUT... THAT'S AS FAR-FETCHED AS MY PET WEREWOLF THEORY
BALDERDASH, JEAVONS! IT WAS A CLEVER MAKE-UP APPLICATION THAT DECEIVED US, THOUGH I HAD MY RESERVATIONS ALL ALONG. OBVIOUSLY, THE COLONEL IS THE CULPRIT!
HE RIGGED SOME CLEVER SLING EFFECT TO KEEP HIM FROM TRULY CHOKING--SIMULATED A TORN-OUT TONGUE FOR GAUDY EFFECT--
COME ON, COLONEL, YOU CANNOT DECEIVE US FURTHER! STOP THIS PRETENSE, I SAY.
JEAVONS TURNS AT GLADYS' INSISTENT TUG, AND HIS EYES WITNESS THE THEORY HE HAS SPOUTED IN RHETORIC-- HIS OFT-ADVANCED THEORY--
--BUT NOW ONE HE REFUSES TO CONCEDE IN ITS REALITY!
WILD TERROR EYES!
PLEADING FINGERS TRANSFORMED INTO THREATENING TALONS!
LIPS THAT TRY TO BEG, THAT HAVE TWISTED THIS WAY BEFORE THROUGH EACH TRANSFORMATION, BEGIN TO SNARL!

HODIAH, OUR ANSWER HAS FOUND US, I SUSPECT.
WHAT IS IT NOW, JEAVONS?? NOT MORE OF THAT NONSENSICAL...
THERE HE IS!
HE STARES AT THE BESTIAL FACE--
--AND TRIES TO SEE JEFFREY'S ADMIRING EYES AGAIN.
THE CREATURE STALKS HER, ITS EYES FILLED WITH HER, WITH LITTLE REMEMBRANCE OF ANYTHING ELSE!
GLADYS CRINGES, LOOKING LIKE A HUNDRED LURID PULP IMAGES RACING A YOUNG BOY'S BLOOD AND IMAGINATION!
EXCEPT SHE ISN'T PART OF A PAINTING, NOT PART OF A PLOY TO DIVEST A YOUTH OF HIS CHANGE; THE TALONS ARE BONE REAL AND SHARPENED!

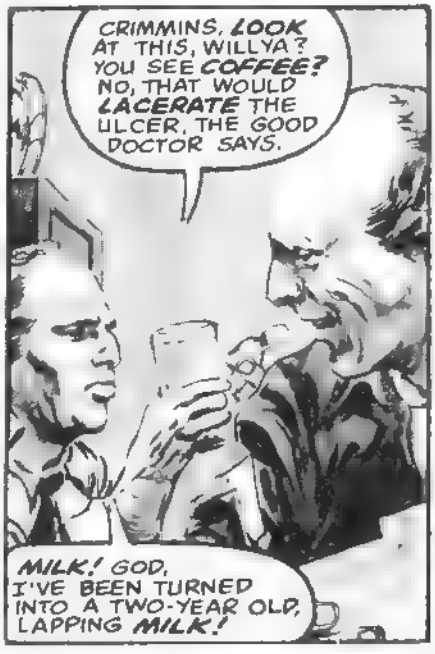
THERE IS ONE CHANCE BEFORE THE BEAST IS RIPPED AND THE HEART STOPPED!
ONE CHANCE!
AND HODIAH TAKES IT!
THE EYES ARE THE VULNERABLE POINT. IT HAS TO BE THE EYES!
AND HE REMEMBERS JEFFREY'S EYES!
ROWR!
IT HOWLS--
IT SEEKS THE WIND AND THE OPEN SPACE BEYOND--REACHING INTO THE NIGHT AS IF TRYING TO CLAW THE MOON!
--DEEP AND LONG--
--BEGGING INARTICULATELY FOR SURCEASE FROM THIS INCOMPREHENSIBLE PAIN!
HEAR ME, JEFFREY! IT'S HODIAH! YOU MUST FIGHT THIS TERRIBLE AFFLICTION THAT ALTERS YOU AT WHIM!
STAND UP TO IT LAD! FIGHT IT DOWN, WHATEVER INFERNAL INCIDENT CAUSED THIS CHANGLING CURSE!

WALK THIS WAY, JEAVONS!
IF I COULD WALK THAT WAY, WHO WOULD WATCH THE CAR?
I WILL HAVE TO DEAL WITH THAT CHESTNUT LATER, JEAVONS... IT IS CLEAR I MIS-JUDGED THIS WHOLE AFFAIR SOMEWHAT...
"LET HIM GO, HODIAH! IT'S OVER! HE'LL NOT PLAGUE US FURTHER, AND YOU CAN INFORM THE CONSTABULARY OF HIS..."
"I'VE GOT TO TRY TO SAVE HIM, JEAVONS, DO YOU UNDER-STAND?"
THE CREATURE TURNS INTO THE WIND, AND ISSUES A FORLORN BAY, A HOWLING TO THE HEAVENS TO DELIVER IT FROM THIS HELL.
"I CANNOT LOSE HIM... I CANNOT LET HIM CONTINUE TO SUFFER IN THIS FASHION-- ELSE IT IS ALL A SHAM. YOU. I. EVERY-THING."
JEFFREY! IT'S HODIAH AGAIN! YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID!
JEFFREY! THE TRAIN IS APPROACHING THE BRIDGE... YOU'VE GOT TO--

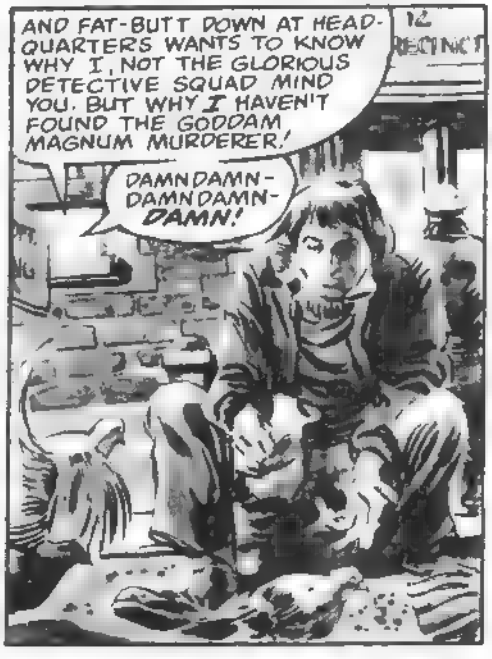
THE LOW BRIDGE DOES ITS UNKNOWING WORK...
JEAVONS... COME UP... RETRIEVE ME, GOOD FRIEND... IT'S... NOT DEAD!
MRS. ARGOT'S PENDANT-- HER SILVER PENDANT!
THE BRIDGE RECEDES INTO THE DISTANCE-- BUT THE CREATURE IS STILL NOT DELIVERED!
IT STAGGERS-- BLOODIED, PATHETICALLY HORRIFYING-- AND CLAWS ABOUT WILDLY, AS IF SEEKING ANOTHER KILL!
THERE IS NOTHING LEFT WITH WHICH TO ATTEMPT REASON. THE EYES OF TERROR AND GUILT ARE DESTROYED.
AND STILL IT COMES.

HODIAH FEELS THE TALONED BONE CARVING THROUGH THE SOFT UNDER-SIDE OF HIS JAWLINE--
ONLY SILVER WILL DO IT IN, HODIAH!
ONLY SILVER WILL GIVE IT PEACE.
THE ANIMAL IS SWEPT OFF THE TRAIN, CATCHING THE NIGHT-WIND LIKE A DISMEMBERED LEAF.
JEAVONS, MY FRIEND, LET US SEE IF WE CAN RETIRE... THIS WHOLE BUSINESS...
I DO BELIEVE EVERY-THING IS DYING... ALL IS COMING TO AN END..
NO! THIS TRAIN, FOR ONE THING, GOOD FRIEND! IT GOES ON!
YES, BUT TO WHERE? WHERE AND WHAT?
HODIAH REACHES, AS IF TO BRING HIM BACK, AND THEN REALIZES THE INADEQUACY OF HIS ACTION.

VOICES!
HE KNEW HE DIDN'T WANT TO ANSWER THE PHONE WHEN IT RANG AFTER 16 YEARS ON THE FORCE YOU GET A CERTAIN FEELING ABOUT IMPENDING DISASTER...
"YOU AREN'T DOING YOUR JOB, YORK!" "WHY HAVEN'T YOU FOUND THAT BLANKETY-BLANK KILLER, YORK?"
BECAUSE I'M TOO DAMN BUSY HANDING OUT PARKING SUMMONSES, YOU FAT-BUTTED IDIOT!
GOD...GOD! WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK I DO HERE? MAKE PASSES AT THE GIRLS AFTER THE MIDNIGHT ROUND-UP?
IN

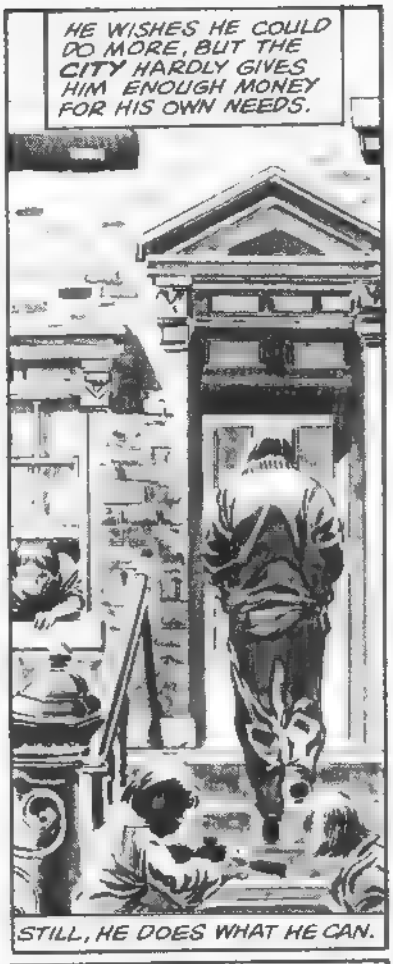

CRIMMINS, LOOK AT THIS, WILLYA? YOU SEE COFFEE? NO, THAT WOULD LACERATE THE ULCER, THE GOOD DOCTOR SAYS.
MILK! GOD, I'VE BEEN TURNED INTO A TWO-YEAR OLD, LAPPING MILK!

I'VE GOT A DAMNED BLEEDING ULCER, A WIFE WHO COMES HOME LOOKING LIKE SHE'S MADE MORE THAN WHAT HER JOB PAYS..
. AND A KID WHO'S HIGH ON SOMETHING COPS AREN'T SUPPOSED TO KNOW ABOUT


AND FAT-BUTT DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS WANTS TO KNOW WHY I, NOT THE GLORIOUS DETECTIVE SQUAD MIND YOU, BUT WHY I HAVEN'T FOUND THE GODDAM MAGNUM MURDERER!
DAMN DAMN-DAMN DAMN-DAMN!
12 PRECINCT

Script: MARV WOLFMAN Art: GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER

JEFFREY BERGER SHEEPISHLY GRINS AT HIS FRIENDS AS HE EMPTIES THE BAG FOR THEM TO PECK.
EACH DAY THEY SING SUCH A SWEET SONG FOR HIM, AND THIS IS SUCH AN EASY WAY TO SHOW THEM HE CARES


HE WISHES HE COULD DO MORE, BUT THE CITY HARDLY GIVES HIM ENOUGH MONEY FOR HIS OWN NEEDS.
STILL, HE DOES WHAT HE CAN.

JEFFREY THINKS ABOUT HIS FATHER AS HE TURNS ON THE T.V. CHANNEL 7 HAS "HAPPY DAYS," CHANNEL 4 HAS "GRANDPA GOES TO WASHINGTON..."
IT HAS BEEN OVER A YEAR SINCE HE WAS HOME, HE THINKS MAYBE TWO.

"JEFFREY MAY BE A 'SLOW' LEARNER, MR BERGER, BUT WITH YOUR HELP..."
"DAMN IDIOT. THE SCHOOL WAS SUPPOSED TO MAKE 'IM BETTER. I DON'T WANT HIM NONE THIS WAY AIN'T NO USE TO ME!"

AUNT GLORIA TOLD JEFFREY DAD DIED LAST YEAR LIVER TROUBLE.
HE LAUGHS AS FONZIE SNAPS HIS FINGERS AND THREE STACKED CHICKS RUSH TO HUG HIM, MAAAAAN!

HARRY! GET IN HERE, WILLYA' I SAW MY BROTHER AL TODAY.
AL THE INSURANCE SALESMAN WHO CAN AFFORD TO LIVE IN YONKERS! HARRY!
HE'S HOME?

RELUCTANTLY, HARRY TATE REMOVES HIMSELF FROM THE LAZEBOY ROCKER TO WATCH DEBBIE DO A HATCHET JOB ON AN INNOCENT CHICKEN...
YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID, HARRY? AL SAYS HE'S PUTTING IN A POOL, NEXT YEAR.
YOU THINK YOU CAN DIG UP ENOUGH CASH TO GET MY IRON FIXED?
KNOCK IT OFF, DEBBIE. NOT TODAY, HUH?
NOT TODAY? WHEN? WHEN ARE YOU GONNA BE SOMETHING?
WHEN YOU LEARN TO SHUT UP!
THIS DEN IS HARRY'S OWN NO ONE BUT HARRY CAN ENTER IT.
HE WONDERS, WAS DEBBIE ACTUALLY AS PRETTY AS HE REMEMBERS? COULDN'T BE.. NOT TO LOOK AT HER NOW.
SHE AND AL AND THE REST OF HER DAMN FAMILY CAN GO--
HEY, WHAT AM I GETTING UPSET FOR?
I CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT BIG SHOT AL AND HIS POOL. CAN'T I--?
CAN'T I?
IT'S SO EASY FOR HIM... HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING HALF THE TIME
AND NO ONE'S EVER CAUGHT ON... BEFORE.
"AL, I HOPE YOUR FUNERAL'S NOT AS BORING AS THAT LAST GUY'S WAS."
ON
OFF

THE TV CONTINUES ITS AUDIO BLATHER...
"... NO, LAVERNE, SOME GALS DON'T DODODO ON THE FIRST DATE..."
WHY DOES THINKING ABOUT HIS FATHER MAKE HIM REMEMBER SCHOOL? HE DIDN'T LIKE SCHOOL. THE TEACHERS WERE REALLY DOCTORS, AND THEY THOUGHT HE WAS NUTZOID.

JEFFREY DIDN'T LIKE THAT AT ALL.
MAYBE HE'S NOT LIKE THE OTHERS, BUT HE'S NOT NUTZOID...
JEFFREY, IT'S GOD AGAIN.
HOW'RE YA DOIN', KID? HEAD STILL HURTING YOU? I'LL MAKE IT BETTER.

GOD? THIS IS THE THIRD TIME, MAYBE THE FOURTH GOD SPOKE TO HIM OVER THE TV.
I'VE GOT ANOTHER JOB FOR YOU, JEFFREY, BOY. YOU GOT BULLETS?
JEFFREY NODDED TO GOD. HE WAS SURE GOD SAW HIM.

GOOD, NOW HERE'S WHAT GOD WANTS YOU TO DO, JEFF LISTEN...
HARRY CHUCKLES... REAL DOPE... REAL DING-DANG DOPE. HE BELIEVES IT... EVERY TIME.

WHEN HARRY REALIZED HIS C-B BROADCAST OVER JEFFREY'S CHEAP TV., HE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD JOKE AT FIRST.
GET YOUR ROCKS OFF, INSULT THE KID. WHO'D CARE? HE'S A 'TARD.
BUT THE JOKE CHANGED, DIDN'T IT? IT BECAME SERIOUS BUSINESS ...DEADLY SERIOUS.

JEEZ! ANOTHER MURDER? DAMN!
YEAH, YEAH... I KNOW IT'S IN YONKERS, BUT I'LL SEND UP MY MAN.
GOD-DOUBLE-DAMN!

GET ME A LIST OF HIS FRIENDS, HIS ENEMIES, HIS RELATIVES! ANYONE WHO EVER SAT IN A JOHN NEXT TO HIM!
YOU HEAR ME? I WANT EVERY-THING!
AND, SOMEONE, PLEASE... GET ME SOME DAMN MILK . PLEASE?

POLICE WORK ISN'T WHAT'S SEEN ON STARSKY AND HUTCH THERE'S VERY LITTLE JUMPING FROM ROOFTOP TO ROOFTOP, OR TIRES SQUEALING WITH DELIGHT AT AN IMPENDING CASE
MOST OF IT IS DOWN-RIGHT DULL WITH A CAPITAL 'D'.
MR TATE?
HUH?

SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, MR TATE, BUT YOUR WIFE'S THE VICTIM'S ONLY LIVING RELATIVE
GOTTA ASK SOME QUESTIONS, IF YOU DON'T MIND.
MIND? SURE, CAPTAIN I DON'T MIND. GO AHEAD. SHOOT!

.. AH, I THINK THAT WILL BE ALL, MR. TATE THANK YOU.
UH, YEAH... YEAH... SURE!
THAT VOICE... GOD?
GOD'S VOICE? IS THAT MAN--?

GOD?

CRIPES! WHY IS HE STARING AT ME LIKE THAT?
WATCH THE DAMN T.V., YOU MORON NOT ME... NOT ME!
HE KNOWS ... HE'S GOT TO KNOW!

DON'T STARE AT ME THAT WAY, YOU DAMN IDIOT!
GOD'S VOICE... AND GOD IS ANGRY. BUT WHY?
WHY?
WHY?
WHY?
WHO'S THAT? HARRY? HARRY?
UHH, NO ONE... JUST A MISTAKE... JUST A MISTAKE!
LISSEN, I'M IN MY DEN. DON'T BOTHER ME, HUH?
DAMN IT, HE KNOWS. HE'LL HOUND ME... HE'LL TELL!
Ooo
WHAT'LL I DO?
I-I COULD HAVE HIM KILL HIMSELF. GOD COULD TELL HIM AND HE'LL LISTEN.
THAT WOULD GET RID OF HIM.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, IN THERE, HARRY? GET OUT HERE. I WANT TO TALK TO YOU, HARRY.
GET OUT HERE--NOW!!!
I'LL BE THERE SOON, DEAR...
LET HIM KILL HIMSELF... AFTER I GET RID OF ANOTHER LITTLE PROBLEM.
TWO ROTTEN BIRDS WITH ONE BULLET. I LIKE THAT!

JEFFREY, THIS IS GOD AGAIN. I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU, BOY.
COME TO MY APARTMENT, JEFF WHEN THE DOOR OPENS, USE YOUR GUN!
USE IT, THEN TURN IT ON YOURSELF, JEFFREY.
HE BOUGHT IT NOW TO GET THE POLICE HERE... THEY'LL COLLECT TWO CORPSES.
HELLO? CAPTAIN YORK? IT'S ME, HARRY TATE! I-- I JUST GOT A CALL FROM THE MAGNUM MURDERER--HE'S COMING HERE--AFTER ME!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT--I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID. YOU WERE GONNA HAVE ME KILLED?
N-NO, DEBBIE... IT WAS A JOKE. I KNEW YOU WERE BEHIND ME.
DAMN IT, DEBBIE... I WAS JUST KIDDING!
SHE'LL TELL... I KNOW SHE WILL.
DAMN IT... DAMNDAMNDAMN! WHAT DO I DO? CAN'T TELL THE COPS IT WAS A JOKE... THEY'LL STILL COME.
N-NO... SHE WON'T TELL.. SHE COULDN'T BELIEVE I'D REALLY DO THAT.. COULD SHE...?
SHE WON'T TELL... SHE CAN'T!
"THE SIDE DOOR! WHERE IS IT? WHERE?!!"

WHAA--?
BZZZ
JUST THE DOWN-STAIR'S BUZZER... OH, GOD... OH, GOD...
Y-YES... WHO IS IT?
IT'S CAPTAIN YORK... LET ME IN, PLEASE.
HE DOESN'T KNOW.
OKAY, CAPTAIN... C'MON UP...
BUT...
GOD?
"JEFFREY, WHEN THE DOOR OPENS, USE YOUR GUN." HE WAS QUITE EXPLICIT...
OH, GOD... STOP!
CAPTAIN! HE'S TURNING THE GUN ON HIMSELF!
NO YOU DON'T. I WANT YOU ALIVE, MISTER-- ALIVE!
B-BUT GOD TOLD ME TO KILL MYSELF. GOD TOLD ME...
YORK'S ULCER CRIES OUT AS HE STEPS INTO THE APARTMENT BLACK AND WHITE TV, CHEAP ART PRINTS, ONLY THING OF VALUE IS A C-B RADIO
YORK SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISGUST AND ORDERS GILROY TO CALL THE MEAT WAGON.
SORRY, TATE, I'M REALLY DAMNED SORRY I DIDN'T GET HERE SOONER.
BUT YOU GOT US THE KILLER, TATE. YOU DID THAT FOR US.
DAMN LOT OF GOOD THAT DOES FOR YOU.
DAMN!

THE RISE OF THE PRIVATE EYE

By Ron Goulart

You all know him, the tough private detective. Good with his fists, can't put up with official crap, gets hit over the head a lot, terrific in bed, wisecracks compulsively, can't seem to shake the cigaret habit, handles a car like a race driver, has a sentimental streak, is a crack shot. You can encounter him at least a couple of nights a week on television, although you may not realize how old he really is—or that, along with jazz and superheroes, he is one of America's major contributions to the popular culture of the world.

The private eye was born over half a century ago, in the pulp paper pages of a magazine called *Black Mask*. There had always been aggressive, straight-shooting fiction heroes, but it took the mood of the 1920s to add cynicism, detachment, a kind of guarded romanticism and a compulsion toward action. The disillusionment which followed World War I and the frustration over the mushrooming gangster control of the cities affected the detective story as much as it did mainstream fiction. The new private detectives of the pulps were varied individuals who shared certain attitudes and qualifications. They usually stayed away from the small towns, most of them working for detective agencies on their own in the big cities. New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Detroit, Miami and Los Angeles, which *Black Mask* dubbed the New Wild West. They shared a distrust of police and politicians. They could patiently collect evidence, but they could cut corners the way the law couldn't. Yet they were linked with reality, with the real crimes of the urban world and the real smell and feel of the mean streets.

The chief contributors to the growth and development of the hardboiled detective were Carroll John Daly, Dashiel Hammett, and Raymond Chandler. Daly was the pioneer, a former movie projectionist and theater manager, the least gifted of the group. What Daly, did, however, was attempt the creation of a tough private operative who narrates his own adventures. By June of 1923, after a few false starts, he had the character roughed out and named. He was Race Williams, who introduced himself this way: "I'm what you might call a middleman—just a halfway house between the cops and the crooks. ..I do a little honest shooting once in awhile—just in the way of business—but I never bumped off a guy that didn't need it."

Race Williams became one of the most popular pulp characters of the 1920s and 1930s. His name, most often in red letters, on a *Black Mask* cover was good for a twenty percent rise in circulation. Race Williams was an incredibly tough, straight-shooting, wise-talking urban cowboy. The world he operated in was a nightmare projection of the real world of the 20s and 30s. It was a night world, filled with speakeasies, gambling joints, penthouses, rundown hotels. Hoods kept their hat brims pulled low, packed a .45 automatic in each armpit, drove long black cars. There was no safety. The people Williams was trying to help were continually being shot at, kidnapped, tortured. Sometimes he'd have to rescue the same pretty girl several times. Despite the dangers and the unpredictability of things, Race Williams made sure he kept himself in control. "I don't allow the unexpected to happen, if I can prevent it." Like many private eyes to follow, he was impatient and aggressive. In his nearly thirty years in the detective trade he kicked down innumerable doors, pushed aside countless bodyguards to get at the big boss, shot off his .45 as often as he could. "I squeezed lead—and the show was over. No hero holding his chest and giving a last message to his surviving countrymen. He was dead five times before he hit the floor." And through it all Race's philosophy remained, "The papers are always either roasting me for shooting down some minor criminals or praising me for gunning out the big shots. But when you're hunting the top guy, you have to kick aside—or shoot aside—the gunmen he hires. You can't make hamburger without grinding up a little meat."

Fortunately for the future and long range survival of the private detective, Dashiel Hammett came along at the same time as Daly. And to Hammett the world was much more complex than it appeared to Race Williams. "I drank a lot on those days," he later recalled, "partly because I was confused by the fact that people's feelings and talk and actions didn't have much to do with one another." The private eye Hammett created for *Black Mask* was much different from Daly's, a more complicated and subtly handled figure. He had none of the swagger and flash of Race Williams. He didn't have a name. He worked as an operative for the Continental Detective Agency in San Francisco and his first-person adventures were recounted in a terse, detached style. This Continental Op, as Hammett's new detective came to be called, never bragged about his prowess with his fists or guns. He *showed* you, usually downplaying his ability. The police didn't consider him a crazed vigilante; they knew he was a competent professional, a man with several years' experience in the slow, patient business of investigation. The short, heavyset Continental Op was both sardonic and sentimental. He, too, would shoot a man if he had to and help a girl who needed protecting. He was quiet about it all. When a client becomes overly dramatic in explaining a problem, the Op tells him, "What's the use of getting poetic about it? If you've got an honest job to be done, and want to pay an honest price for it, maybe I'll take it." Despite the fact that Hammett sometimes involved his operative with sinister Orientals, family curses and religious cults, he had been a real detective himself before he turned to writing and he had a realistic notion of what the business was all about. "Ninety nine percent of detective work is a patient collecting of details," he has the Op say.

When an Op novel, *The Dain Curse,* was adapted to

television recently the detective got a name and lost considerable weight—portrayed by lean James Coburn. He fared a good deal better than his creator, who showed up on the motion picture screen impersonated by the aggressively intense Jason Robards.

In 1929, again in *Black Mask,* Hammett introduced another private detective. Samuel Spade, who undertook the hunt for the Maltese Falcon. Spade was less detached than the Op', less restrained. He had been sleeping with his partner's wife and was not reluctant about doing the same thing with female clients. Spade didn't get along as well with the law, he put his own interests ahead of theirs. But he was about as honest as a man could be in his complicated world. Hammett detached himself from the Spade adventures, though he did give Sam Spade the first name he himself had abandoned when he commenced writing. *The Maltese Falcon* novel introduced a few more of the standard private eye props, particularly the loyal girl secretary who guards the outer office.

Raymond Chandler was 45 in 1933, the year he decided to move away from his business career and try to write the kind of private detective stories he'd been reading in the pulp magazines. It took him five months to turn out his first story, which he sold to *Black Mask* in 1933. Chandler stuck with the pulps throughout the 30s, developing his very personal style. He wrote of several detectives, but they were all really Philip Marlowe. Marlowe himself came along in 1939 when Chandler turned some of his pulp novelettes into a novel called *The Big Sleep.* His private eye was a dedicated man, an honest man. He wasn't in it just for the money. Usually he was driven by a stubborn sense of justice. He got along with the police if they were straight. If they were crooked, or on the take, he had contempt for them. Most of the stories were set in Southern California, a shabby wonderland Chandler loved to explore and expose. His private eye always operated out of a small rundown office and lived in a small rundown apartment.

After Hammett, Chandler and Daly came the deluge. Detective pulps proliferated and so did the tough private eyes. There were magazines such as *Dime Detective, Detective Fiction Weekly, Crime Busters, Private Detective, Clues* and even *Spicy Detective.* Among the detectives were Black Burton, Jo Gar, Tough Dick Donahue, Senor Lobo, Keyhole Kerry, Battle McKim, Steve Midnight, Daffy Dill, Red Drake, Red Regan, Big Red Brennan, Satan Hall, Bookie Barnes, Cellini Smith, Cash Wale, Martin Breed, Rex Sackler, Ed Migrane and Angel Allen. None of them has survived the cheap pulp paper they first materialized on.

The private eye made it into the movies early in the 1930s, though it took him several years to become what he already was in books and pulps. The ultimate screen private detective developed out of a cross breeding of several types of film—the gangster film, the mystery and the screwball comedy. Hammett sold all rights to *The Maltese Falcon* to Warner Brothers in 1930. Although Warners was already turning out tough, realistic gangster films, they didn't choose to treat the novel in a tough, realistic way. Instead it was a vehicle for Ricardo Cortez, who was a sleepy eyed Latin lover with Valentino hair and Ramon Navarro postures. His Sam Spade was a strange hybrid, half tough, half sultry. In some scenes he is terse and cynical, in others he looks as though he's on the verge of carrying the heroine off across the desert. When Spade talks to the girl in his apartment he wears a silk lounging robe and sits before a giant roaring fireplace. No real self-respecting private eye would get himself up like that.

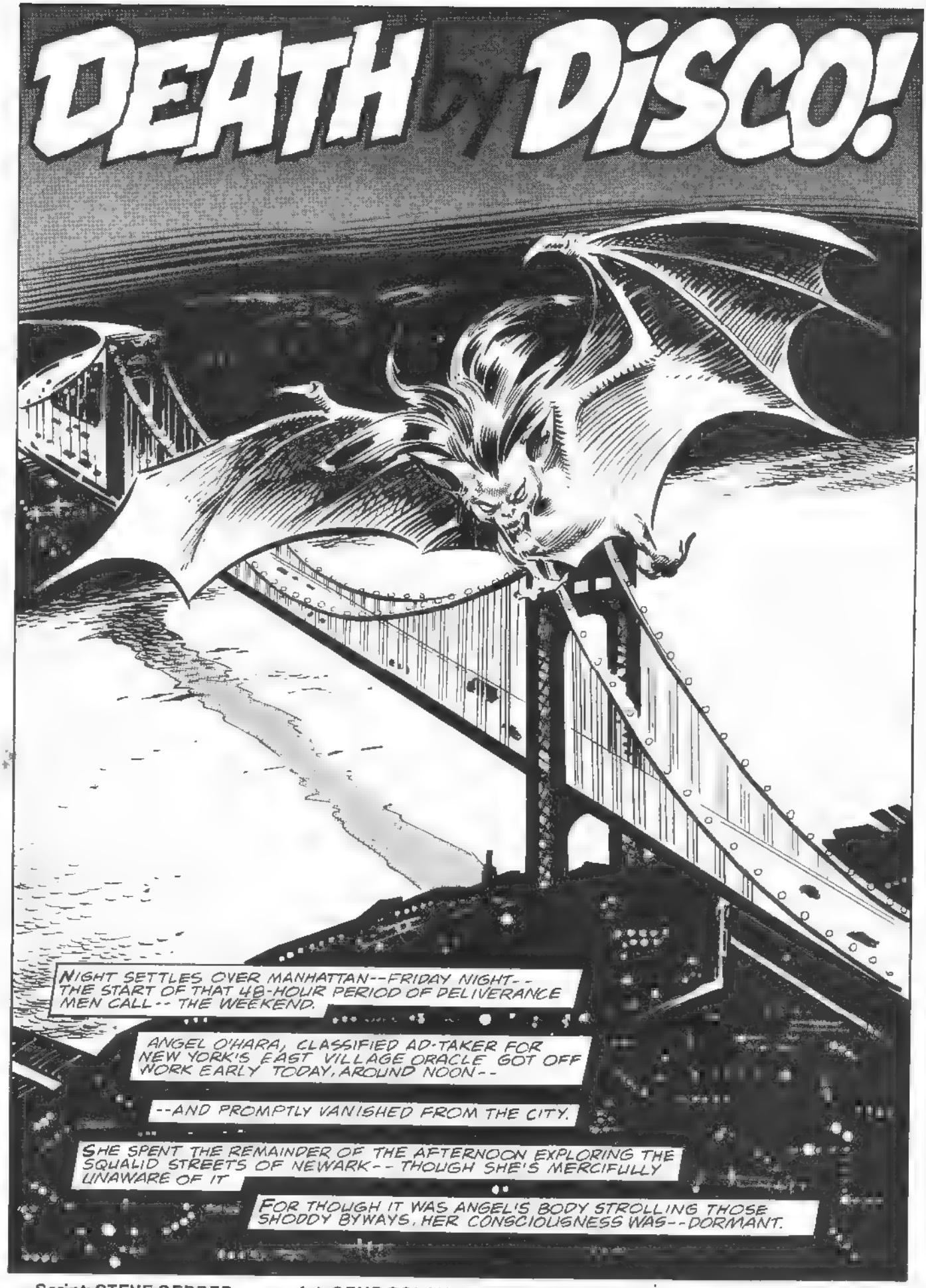
By the time this first version of *The Maltese Falcon* was released, there was a popular new kind of film showing in the country the gangster film. The hard-boiled, violent, fast moving approach later used in private eye movies was first worked out here. *Little Caesar, Scarface, Public Enemy*—these films, and nearly a hundred like them, showed the crooked politics, the bootlegger rule which filled America in the 30s. Real gangsters—Al Capone, Legs Diamond, Dutch Schultz—were famous, and movies loosly based on their activities fascinated the disenchanted Depression public. Many of the mannerisms of later private eyes showed up first in the actions of James Cagney, Spencer Tracy, George Raft and Edward G. Robinson.

Machine guns and low slung cars might have eventually vanished from the screen if Hollywood hadn't made another discovery -the G-Man. In 1933 and 1934 desperadoes like John Dillinger and Machine Gun Kelly were shooting up the Southwest and Midwest as they looted banks. The FBI was given the power to go after them. J. Edgar Hoover tasted celebrity for the first time and the public was ready for G-Man movies. Most of the same actors, writers and directors were involved. The wise-cracking, fast-shooting gangster now became a Federal man. Eventually he would turn into a private eye.

In the middle 1930s Humphrey Bogart returned to Hollywood. He'd been there before in the early talkie days and nothing much had happened. Going back to Broadway he acted in Maxwell Anderson's *The Petrified Forest*, playing Duke Mantee, a Dillinger sort of crook on the run. Bogart repeated the Mantee role in the Warners movie version of the play and for several years was in almost every gangster film the Brothers turned out. But in 1941, chiefly because George Raft turned down the part, Bogart was cast as Sam Spade in yet another version of *The Maltese Falcon.* All the characteristics he'd been building up as a crook were shifted over to the private eye. Bogart was curt, detached, cynical and he had a sense of humor. This John Huston version of the quest for the black bird was a success and earned a nomination for an Academy Award. Huston stuck close to Hammett's book, gave his film a foggy, cramped, hemmed-in feeling. The Spade role, along with that in *High Sierra*, pushed Bogart into top star category. George Raft had turned down that part, too.

Raymond Chandler became a screenwriter in 1943. Nobody ever asked him to adapt his own books for the screen, but because of his growing reputation as a script writer and a novelist, four of them were turned into movies in the 40s. The first was Edward Dmytryk's adaptation of *Farewell, My Lovely,* called *Murder, My Sweet.* It introduced Dick Powell to tough-guy parts. Powell had been batting his eyelashes and crooning in Busby Berkeley movies since the early '30s.

You can be certain there'll always be a fictional private eye flourishing somewhere. Waiting in his shabby office, bottle in the lower right hand drawer. Waiting to go out into those dangerous streets and deal with things as they are, crooked cops and honest crooks, wise dames and, perhaps, his own lone sense of justice.


DEATH DISCO!
NIGHT SETTLES OVER MANHATTAN--FRIDAY NIGHT--THE START OF THAT 48-HOUR PERIOD OF DELIVERANCE MEN CALL-- THE WEEKEND.
ANGEL O'HARA, CLASSIFIED AD-TAKER FOR NEW YORK'S EAST VILLAGE ORACLE GOT OFF WORK EARLY TODAY, AROUND NOON--
--AND PROMPTLY VANISHED FROM THE CITY.
SHE SPENT THE REMAINDER OF THE AFTERNOON EXPLORING THE SQUALID STREETS OF NEWARK-- THOUGH SHE'S MERCIFULLY UNAWARE OF IT
FOR THOUGH IT WAS ANGEL'S BODY STROLLING THOSE SHODDY BYWAYS, HER CONSCIOUSNESS WAS--DORMANT.

 Script: STEVE GERBER Art: GENE COLAN & TONY DeZUNIGA

AND IT REMAINS SO EVEN NOW--AS LEATHERN WINGS CARRY HER BACK HOMEWARD--SWOOPING LOW OVER INWOOD WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, FORT TRYON PARK--

--A KIND OF LIMBO BETWEEN HARLEM AND THE BRONX, INHABITED MOSTLY BY UNDERPAID EDITORS, LAW OFFICE CLERKS, DENTAL ASSASSINS--
NO-O-O-O-O-O-

--AND SENIOR CITIZENS ON FIXED INCOMES...
--P-PLEASE... PLEASE DON'T HURT ME--!

:HUH: NO PROMISES, GRANNY--BUT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO BUY US OFF!
:HUH: YEAH, WATCHA GOT IN THE PURSE, GRANNY?

N-NO, I BEG YOU--THAT'S ALL I--
:OOHH:

ALL--ALL RIGHT--:GASP: TAKE THE MONEY--BUT, PLEASE--GO AWAY--!
AW, GRANNY, --THE FUN'S JUST STARTIN'!

AS WE WERE SAYING BEFORE THE RUDE INTERRUPTION, ANGEL O'HARA'S CONSCIOUSNESS LIES DORMANT--
--SUPPLANTED BY THE PERSONA OF LILITH, DAUGHTER OF DRACULA THE CENTURIES-OLD VAMPIRESS WHO SHARES HER CORPOREAL FORM!
I MUST COMPLIMENT YOU TWO FINE, TRAPPING YOUNG OGRES--!
NOT IN 500 YEARS OF LIFE HAVE I WITNESSED SO VULTUROUS AND INHUMAN AN ACT AS THIS.
AND LET ME ASSURE YOU, GENT-LEMEN-- I'M A CONNOISSEUR!

IS THIS BROAD-- FOR REAL? WH-WHERE'D SHE COME FROM--?!
NO, NO, LET'S TALK ABOUT YOU! I'M INTENSELY CURIOUS ABOUT YOUR MOTIVATION!
WERE YOU SO HUNGRY YOU DARED NOT CHOOSE A STRONGER VICTIM?
OR WERE YOU SIMPLY ...BORED?

SHE'S MAKIN' FUN OF US! I'LL BUST HER HEAD OP-- =UNNNGH=
HAS ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU-- YOU RE PATHETIC WHEN YOU RE ANGRY?

H-HEY-- LEGGO-- M-MY BACK-- YOU'RE BREAKIN' IT--!
BUT YOU'RE SO INTERESTING UP CLOSE!

AA-AAGH
OH, BE STILL I'M ONLY CRUSHING A VERTEBRA OR TWO! TAKE IT LIKE A MAN!

BE--BEHIND YOU!! THE OTHER ONE--!

YOUR CONCERN IS APPRECIATED MADAM--BUT UNNECESSARY.
STEALTH IS AS FOREIGN TO HIS NATURE AS COMPASSION.
:HR-RUNN-GH:
BUT DO WE JUDGE HIM ON THE BASIS OF INTENT OR EXECUTION?
PERSONALLY, I FAVOR THE FORMER.
KRRAK
IS IT YOUR OPINION MADAM, THEY'VE SUFFERED ENOUGH FOR THEIR MISDEED?
I-- DON'T KNOW. TH-THEY'LL CERTAINLY THINK TWICE BEFORE--
WILL THEY, MADAM? DO ANIMALS THINK?
:NNGH: Y-YOU CRIPPLED ME :SOB: CAN'T FEEL M-MY LEGS --WHAT ELSE--?
I TOLD YOU: I'M A CONNOISEUR! THERE ARE CRUELTIES YOU'VE NEVER DREAMT OF!
YAAARGH

YOU'RE BEING SO BLOODTHIRSTY, I FELT YOU SHOULD HAVE A TASTE BEFORE THE KIND LADY CALLS YOU AN AMBULANCE.
OOH, GAWD--!
PFFEH!
I DO HOPE MY OWN VIOLENT ACTIONS HAVEN'T FURTHER UPSET YOU, MADAM. I FIND IT MOST DIFFICULT TO CONTROL MYSELF IN THE FACE OF SUCH BRUTALITY
DON'T YOU WORRY --I'LL BE FINE I'M MORE RESILENT THAN I LOOK!
AND YOU'VE SAVED ME THE BOTHER OF FANTASIZING WHAT I WOULD'VE DONE THOSE TWO SCOUNDRELS. NOW I KNOW!
BLESS YOU, YOUNG WOMAN!
AN INVOLUNTARY SHUDDER CRAWLS UP LILITH'S SPINE.
SHE DIFFERS IN MANY WAYS FROM THE "CONVENTIONAL" VAMPIRE...
...IN HER ABILITY TO DISCIPLINE THE LUST FOR BLOOD, IN HER CAPACITY FOR GENTLENESS, IN HER ABILITY TO WALK THE WORLD IN DAYLIGHT...
BUT ANY ALLUSION TO THE DIVINE -- HOWEVER INNOCUOUS--NEVER FAILS TO DISCOMFORT HER. FOR NO GOD IN ANY HEAVEN SHALL EVER SMILE UPON THIS SPAWN OF THE LORD OF EVIL
DAMNED SHE IS FOR ALL TIME-- A VENGEFUL, DISEMBODIED SPIRIT, DOOMED TO EXPERIENCE EVEN THE SIMPLEST OF LIFE'S PLEASURES ONLY VICARIOUSLY--
--THROUGH THE SENSES OF THOSE WHOM SHE POSSESSES--
--SUCH AS ANGEL O'HARA.

OH, MY GOD-- IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN--!
I LEFT THE OFFICE AT NOON--AND NOW--OH, LORD, WHAT TIME IS IT--?
MARTIN WILL BE WORRIED SICK!

SHORTLY, IN THE FIRST-FLOOR APARTMENT ANGEL SHARES WITH WRITER MARTIN GOLD...
I-- I'M SORRY I'M LATE, MARTIN--I HAD ANOTHER BLACKOUT--!
I KNOW-- JUST A SECOND-- ALMOST DONE--!

THERE! GOT IT! WHILE YOU WERE OUT, MY DEAR, THE MUSE CAME AND SAT ON MY LAP--
--AND WHISPERED SWEET SOMETHINGS IN MY IDEA-HUNGRY EAR!
MARTIN, DID YOU HEAR ME? I SAID I HAD ANOTHER--

--BLACKOUT, I KNOW AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS, I THINK I'VE ADJUSTED.
I ASSUMED THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED.
NOW, DO YOU WANNA HEAR ABOUT MY NEW NOVEL, OR NOT?

IT'S ABOUT THE DISCO SCENE. GLAMOR! DECADENCE!
M-MARTIN--?
THE SAGA OF A DULL, REDUNDANT MUSIC AND THE CLONES WHO DANCE TO IT-- BUT WITH A TWIST, PARDON THE PUN.

THE OCCULT--THE MUSIC ITSELF IS--
ANGEL--!!
IT'S--ALL RIGHT-- JUST DIZZY--

DAMMIT! SOMETIMES I CAN'T BELIEVE MY OWN THOUGHTLESSNESS! "JUST DIZZY"--!
SURE--FIVE MONTHS! "DIZZY!" --ANGEL, FORGIVE ME!
NO, REALLY, IT'LL PASS--TELL ME ABOUT YOUR STORY
THE MUSIC ITSELF IS A MYSTICAL FORCE THAT--
ANGEL, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO FIX DINNER KEEP TALKING. I'M LISTENING.
THE MUSIC IS A MYSTICAL FORCE THAT'S CREATING--A UNITY OF MIND--AMONG--
OH, CRAP! WE'RE DOWN TO JUST PEANUT BUTTER AGAIN!
HUH--?
EGGS
IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT MY DIET THE BABY'LL BE THE SPITTING IMAGE OF JIMMY CARTER!
YOU KNOW, JOHN ERICKSON MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT AN ARTICLE ON DISCOS FOR THE ORACLE.
NO... I DIDN'T KNOW. WHAT OF IT?
IF YOU WANTED TO WRITE IT, YOU COULD GET PAID FOR DOING YOUR RESEARCH.
ANGEL, WE'VE BEEN THROUGH ALL THIS! I'M CONCENTRATING ON MY FICTION!
AND I RESENT THE GUILT-TRIP YOU'RE TRYING TO LAY ON ME.
YOU RESENT EVERYTHING LATELY, MARTIN--AND IT'S BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN STAGNATING!
YOU NEVER LEAVE THE APARTMENT YOU NEVER DO ANYTHING, YOU'VE GIVEN UP ON SOCIALIZING--!
GEE! I WONDER WHY?

A SIMILAR BLEND OF ENTREATY, REJECTION AND PEANUT BUTTER CHARACTERIZES THE REST OF THE NIGHT...
...AND THE FOLLOWING MORNING, IN THE OFFICES OF THE EAST VILLAGE ORACLE.
YOU HEARD ME, JOHN-- I TRIED EVERYTHING! HIS ARTISTIC INTEGRITY IS IMPREGNABLE.
WISH THE SAME HAD BEEN TRUE OF MY BODY!
MMM... MIGHT'VE SOLVED A NUMBER OF PROBLEMS.
BUT NOT MINE I STILL NEED THAT DISCO ARTICLE BY MONDAY.
WOULD YOU CONSIDER WRITING THE PIECE YOURSELF, ANGEL?
OH, SURE! I'D ALSO CONSIDER STUNT-CAR DRIVING, WINNING THE PILLSBURY BAKEOFF, AND DIVING 40 FEET INTO A SPONGE. SO WHAT?
I'M NOT A WRITER, MR ERICKSON.
ANGEL, WOULD A LITTLE THING LIKE NO TALENT STOP ANY-BODY ELSE AROUND HERE?
YOU'VE READ THE PAPER-- C'MON BE A SPORT!
WELL-- WE DO NEED THE MONEY.
AND I WONDER HOW MARTIN WOULD REACT TO THE IDEA OF COMPETITION...!
HOWEVER, THAT EVENING...
WHAT COMPETITION? I TOLD YOU-- I'M CON-CENTRATING ON MY FICTION!
WRITE THE DAMNED THING IF YOU WANT! I'LL READ IT WITH INTEREST!
YOU'RE SERIOUS? YOU REALLY WOULDN'T MIND?
YOU WANT A TASTE OF THIS GLAMOROUS LITERARY LIFE I LEAD-- FINE BY ME!
GET OUT THERE AND GRAB FOR THE OL' GUSTO!
STUFF THE GUSTO! I'LL SETTLE FOR THE BUCKS!
EXPECT ME LATE!

COULD IT BE BECAUSE MY LAST TWO ATTEMPTS TO FIND WORK LANDED ME IN JAIL AND YOU IN THE HOSPITAL?
NO, NO, WHY WOULD THAT DEPRESS ANYONE?
MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE THE WOMAN I LIVE WITH WANTS TO MANAGE MY CAREER FOR ME-- TO PROTECT HER BABY'S GOOD LOOKS!
WHAT CAREER? MOPING AROUND THE HOUSE THINKING ABOUT WRITING --AND GETTING FAT?
OUR DIET HASN'T DONE ANY WONDERS FOR YOU, EITHER ...DARLING.
OH, SWELL LET'S DRAG MY BODY INTO THIS!
ANYTHING ELSE YOU'D CARE TO SHOOT DOWN WHILE WE'RE AT IT? MY FACE? MY STYLE OF DRESS? MY MORALITY?
I AM COHABITATING WITH A PREGNANT WIDOW, AFTER ALL, LIVING IN SIN, DEGREDATION, AND GREENWICH VILLAGE!
:TSK: AND SHE'S SUPPORTING YOUR LITERARY DILLETANTISM. HOW SCANDALOUS.
YOU SURE SNOWED HER, DIDN'T YOU TIGER?
I'M TOLD SHE'S STILL ATTRACTED TO YOU, DESPITE YOUR NUMEROUS SHORTCOMINGS!
IF SO, SHE CONCEALS IT SUPERBLY.
OR PERHAPS YOU MISTAKE HER INTENTIONS IN HER PRESENT CONDITION...
...A LITTLE EXTRA POUNDAGE ON YOU COULD SERIOUSLY OBSTRUCT YOUR RELATIONSHIP.
FLAMING HORSE APPLES, MS. O'HARA... AND I'LL PROVE IT.
ANY TIME.

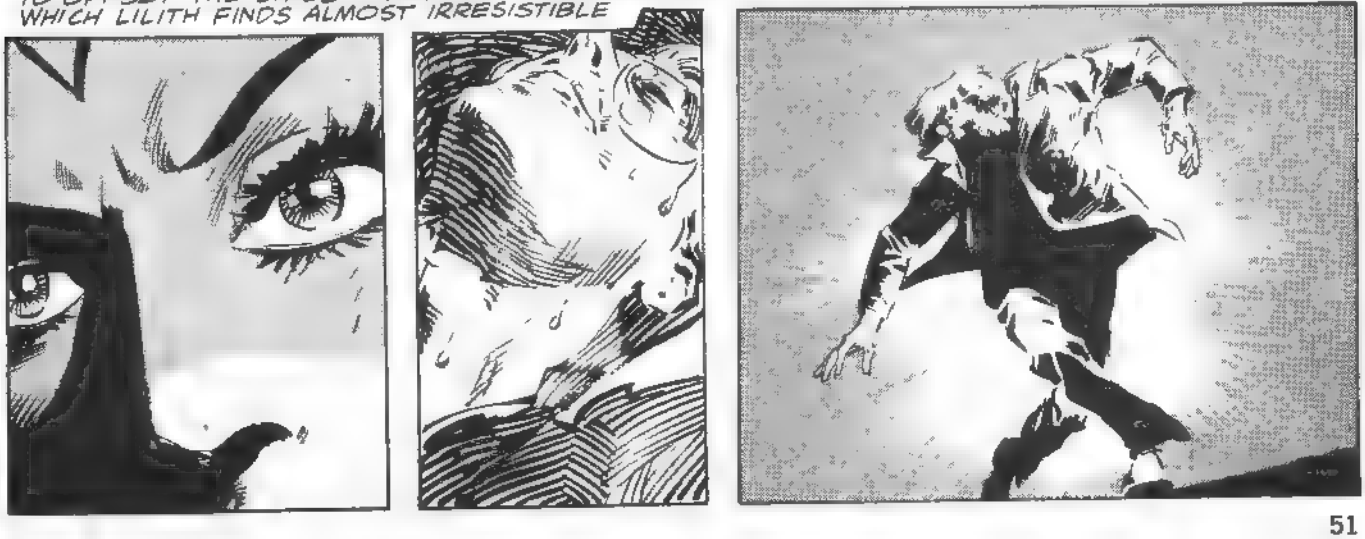
AND SO IT IS THAT ANGEL O'HARA, WHOSE MUSICAL TASTE RUNS TO IRISH FOLK BALLADS AND JAZZ PIANO, THRUSTS HERSELF INTO THE CHROME-AND-GLASS LASER-LIT EXCESSES OF NEW YORK'S DISCO SCENE.
THE PLACE IS CALLED THE "ICE CASTLE" NAMED NO DOUBT FOR ITS MIRRORED FLOORS AND CEILINGS...
...NOT FOR THE CHILLING DESPERATION ANGEL SENSES IN THE AFFECTED EUPHORIA OF ITS PATRONS.
:PSST: ERNIE! CATCH WHAT JUST WADDLED IN! WHAT'RE YA WAITIN' FOR? MAKE YOUR MOVE!
AAAH, G'WAN! YOU KIDDIN'? SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE SWALLOWED A BASKETBALL!

THEY'RE BEST THAT WAY, DIDDLY-BRAIN! THEY CAN'T GET ANY MORE PREGNANT--
YOU WOULDN'T SHUCK ME, WOULDJA, BERT...?
--SO ALL THEIR INHIBITIONS FLY RIGHT OUT THE WINDOW!
HIYA, LUSCIOUS--HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AROUND, BEFORE. NEW TO THE SCENE?
LEMME SHOW YA AROU--
THANK YOU, NO.
HE-E-EY! SWEETIE! DON'T BE UPTIGHT! C'MON--I WANNA SEE YA SHAKE YOUR BOOTY!
I'M IN NO CONDITION TO DANCE-- AND I'M VERY SELECTIVE ABOUT MY PARTNERS.
=HAHA= BOTH OF 'EM!
SORRY, CHUM-- YOU DON'T MEASURE UP!
YEAH, WELL, FORGET I ASKED--!
HOLY CRUST, MAN--SHE INSULTED YOU! YOU GONNA LET 'ER GET AWAY WITH IT?
--DISCUSS.
=UNNNGH=
YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL WHERE YOU PLACE THOSE EAGER HANDS, LITTLE BOY.
I DO NOT ENJOY BEING GROPED AT.
YOU WERE A PERFECT GENTLEMAN! SHE OWES YA A LITTLE RESPECT!
YEAH... RIGHT...!
WHOA UP, CUTIE! YOU 'N' ME GOT SOMETHIN' TA--

S-SORRY, LADY--HE WASN'T EVEN TRYIN' TA GRAB YOU--!
IN THAT CASE, YOUR FRIEND MADE A VERY UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE, DIDN'T HE?
LET US HOPE HE'S LEARNED FROM IT.
THE LADY'S GOT CLASS MAN-- STYLE--A LOOK--A STRONG LOOK--I LIKE IT!
:TCH: MAYBE I SHOULD START SLAPPIN' YOU AROUND, YOU DIG IT SO MUCH.
MAYBE--BUT I DON T THINK YOU COULD CARRY IT OFF--'PRECIATE THE THOUGHT, THOUGH -!
T. J.!! WHERE RE YOU GOING--?
CATCH YOU LATER...!
ONE SIDE, PEONS--YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD DESPOT IS COMIN' THROUGH!
T. J NOVELLO MA'AM-- NO ONE SPECIAL--JUST ANOTHER GORGEOUS BODY OFF THE STREET.
I SEE, YOU'VE GOT IT, SO YOU FLAUNT IT.
MM-HMM, BUT TASTEFULLY.
IT'S A QUESTION OF BALANCE, Y'KNOW PASSION AND CALCULATION, VERY DELICATE--!
CARE FOR SOME PENNY CANDY?
I'M AFRAID I DON'T INDULGE.
NO BIG DEAL. WHATEVER. YOU GOTTA DANCE, THOUGH, RIGHT?
NO... BUT I PREFER TO WATCH. WHY DON'T YOU DANCE FOR ME?

T.J. SHARES IN THAT DESPERATION ANGEL DETECTED IN ALL THE DANCERS--BUT HE ALSO POSSESSES CERTAIN QUALITIES THAT SET HIM APART AN ANIMAL-LIKE ATTUNEMENT TO THE RHYTHMS OF HIS OWN BODY...

...A KIND OF BLATANT BUT GENUINE SENSUALITY...EVEN A QUAINTLY EXOTIC SORT OF CHARM TO OFFSET THE STREET-NURTURED ARROGANCE...AND A SLIGHTLY WARPED EROTICISM WHICH LILITH FINDS ALMOST IRRESISTIBLE



THERE'S A PRIMITIVE SELF-AWARENESS HERE, TOO--OR AT LEAST A COGNIZANCE OF HIS OWN SELF-ABSORPTION! HE IS HIS OWN MAJOR TURN-ON, LILITH MUSES. A WOMAN FOR T J WOULD SERVE THE SAME FUNCTION AS THE DANCE FLOOR: A STAGE ON WHICH TO PERFORM.

DOES SHE FLATTER HERSELF, LILITH WONDERS WHEN SHE DOUBTS THAT ANY HUMAN WOMAN COULD TRULY RELATE TO HIM? PROBABLY NOT. IT WOULD REQUIRE SOMEONE EXTRAORDINARY...

...TO GIVE HIM ANYTHING HE COULDN'T GET FROM HIMSELF.
WELL? DIDN'T DISAPPOINT YOU, DID I?
HARDLY! WHY DON'T WE STEP OUTSIDE? YOU MUST BE STEAMING AFTER ALL THAT EXERTION.

THE HUNGRY GLEAM IN LILITH'S EYE IS UNMISTAKABLE, EVEN FROM ACROSS THE ROOM. NO MISTAKING T J'S INFATUATION EITHER. OR DELLA FIORELLI'S RESENTMENT, FOR THAT MATTER.
BUMMER, AIN'T IT?

WHAT--T.J.? I WAS GETTING BORED WITH HIM, ANYWAY.
SURE--AND BESIDES, A FOX LIKE YOU IS NEVER ALONE FOR LONG, RIGHT?
EVEN AFTER A PUBLIC PUT-DOWN LIKE THAT.

SO AS DELLA BURNS, BERT FIDDLES, PLAYING HER ANGER LIKE THE MANIPULATIVE VIRTUOSO HE IS.
WHILE, OUTSIDE, ON FOG-SHROUDED FIRST AVENUE...
YOU'RE NEWER TO THE SCENE THAN YOUR THREADS LED ME TO BELIEVE, BABE.
YOU FOOLED OL' T J -- WHICH ISN'T EASY.
ANYBODY CAN LEARN THE MOVES JUST BY HANGIN' OUT, Y'KNOW-- --BUT YOU COME BY IT NATURALLY.
SHOULD I BE FLATTERED BY THAT REMARK?
YOU SHOULD BE FLOORED! SOME CHICKS WORK YEARS REFINING A STYLE--!
THE CLOTHES, THE HAIR, THE MAKE-UP, THE VOICE-- THE WHOLE ATTITUDE MAN, JUST SO--!
AN' THEY'RE STILL CARBON COPIES OF SOMEBODY THEY MET UPTOWN.
YOU'RE FREAKIN' UNIQUE! AND YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW IT! WHAT A GAS--!
"ONE" LIVES IT, BABE
WHAT DOES ONE DO WITH THIS "STYLE" ONCE ONE HAS ACQUIRED IT, T.J?
NO, SCRATCH THAT-- IF "ONE" HAS REALLY GOT HIS ACT TOGETHER-- "ONE" BECOMES IT!
TAKE AWAY THE DUDS, THE RAP, THE MUSIC-- AN YA CUT OFF MY LIFE SUPPORT! YOU DIG--?

WEEKDAYS, I PASS THE TIME IN A PLACE LIKE THIS -- PUSHIN' THREADS TO OTHER GUYS WHO--
~WHOA!
IS SOMETHING --AMISS?
UH-HUH. THOSE BOOTS BELONG ON THESE FEET, NOT IN THAT WINDOW.
AND I DON'T THINK I CAN WAIT 'TIL THEY GO ON SALE.
YOU INTEND TO STEAL THEM...?
THEY'RE ALREADY MINE --LIKE THE OCEAN BELONGS TO THE FISHES-- BY RIGHT!
CRAP! NOTHIN' HARD AND HEAVY IN SIGHT--!
SO WE'LL IMPROVISE, THEN--!
LOOK AWAY, SWEET! MIGHT SCARE YOU TO SEE THESE SNAKESKINS SLITHER RIGHT INTO MY HANDS!
ON THE CONTRARY. I'M FASCINATED.
DOESN'T IT TROUBLE YOU THAT YOU MIGHT BE CAUGHT--?
I'M NOT GONNA WAIT AROUND FOR THE COPS, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN--
--BUT WHAT'S DONE IS DONE! WHY WASTE ENERGY WORRYING?
I... SEE.

ANYWAY, I'D NEVER LET 'EM TAKE ME ALIVE.
YOU WOULD DIE-- FOR A PAIR OF SHOES?

UH-UH. TO SEAL THE LEGEND OF T J NOVELLO.
HE WENT OUT IN A BLAZE OF GLITTER-- THE WAY HE LIVED! GET IT?
YOU VIEW YOURSELF IN MYTHIC TERMS, IS THAT CORRECT?

WHAT DO I KNOW FROM "MYTHIC"? I JUST WANNA HAVE SOME SAY-SO IN HOW I GO WEST!
IT'S GOTTA HAVE THE LOOK-- THE ATTITUDE--ALL THE STUFF WE'VE BEEN TALKIN' ABOUT--YOU FOLLOW?

SOMEBODY LIKE YOU OUGHTTA KILL ME--MAKE ME DANCE THEN MAKE ME DIE--'
IT'D TIE THE RIBBON AROUND THE CONCEPT OR SOME-THING--I DUNNO.

THINK YOU'D HAVE THE STOMACH TO KILL SOMEBODY, BABE?
YES....!

UNFORTUNATELY... SHE NEVER GETS THE CHANCE.
BAM

T.J.'S BODY GOES LIMP AS FRAGMENTS OF HIS SKULL AND CLUMPS OF BLOOD-SOAKED GREY MATTER SPLATTER TO THE FLOOR OF THE ALLEY-WAY. AND LILITH IS THUNDERSTRUCK... THOUGH SHE PROBABLY SHOULDN'T BE.

AND THOSE SARDONIC WORDS ARE THE LAST HE EVER HEARS, SAVE HIS OWN:
NO--DON'T--!
AND SHE DOESN'T--QUITE. ERNIE GETS TO KEEP HIS FACE. BUT HIS THROAT WILL NEVER BE THE SAME.
PHWAASH
HE--HE'S CHOKIN' TA DEATH--AN' BLEEDIN' TA DEATH AT THE SAME TIME--!! ROTTEN, SADISTIC LITTLE--COULDN'T YA EVEN KILL 'IM--
--QUICK?
I ERRED, THEN. FORGIVE ME.
IN MY EXPERIENCE, A COWARD WISHES TO CLING TO LIFE'S LAST THREAD HOWEVER AGONIZING IT MAY BE. I THOUGHT I WAS DOING YOUR FRIEND A FAVOR.
I CERTAINLY WON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE AGAIN.
THUD

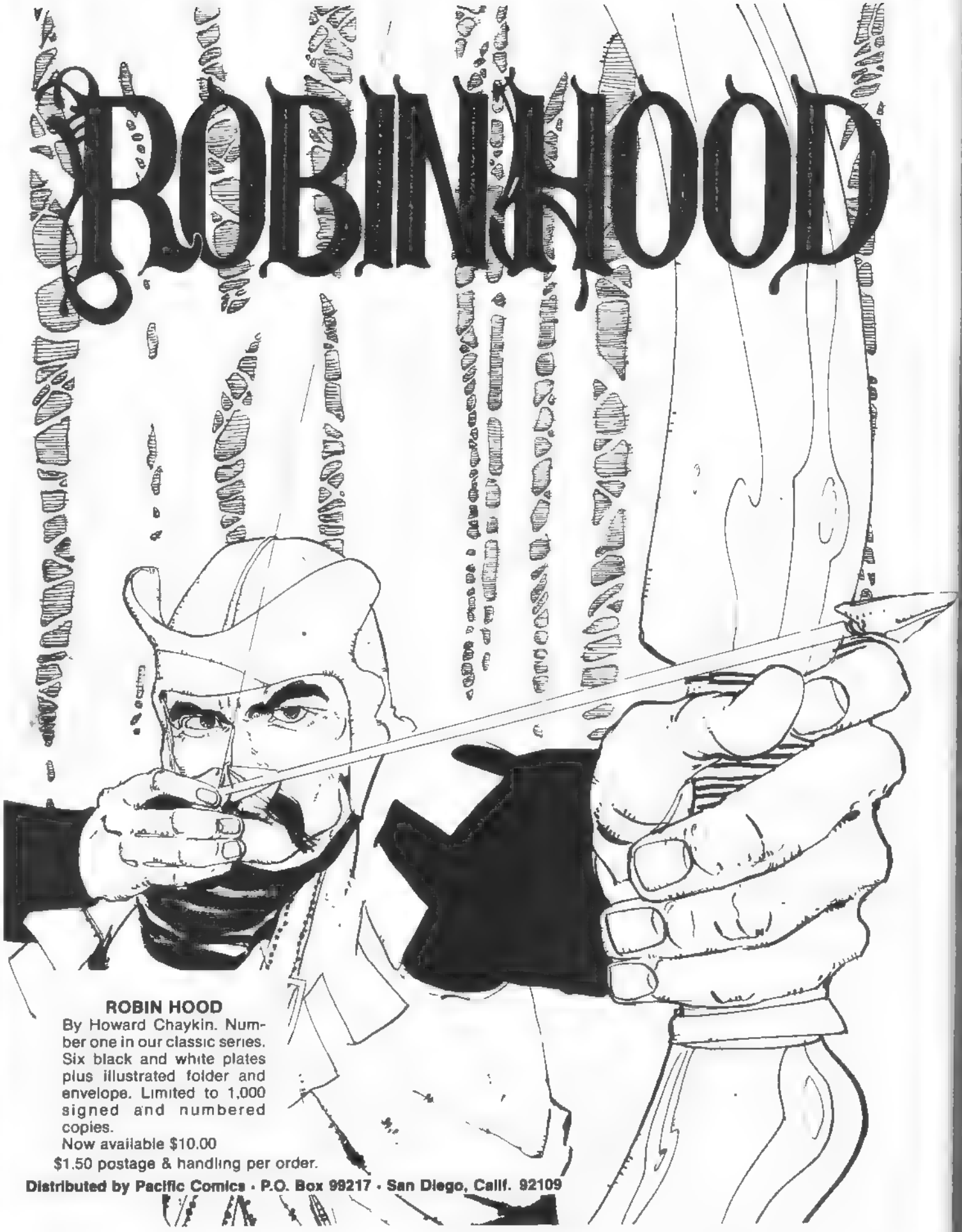
STATUS, AFTER ALL, IS A HIGHLY PERISHABLE COMMODITY IN THE DISCO SCENE. FOR THE KING TO DESERT HIS QUEEN IS TANTAMOUNT TO HER SOCIAL RUINATION. DELLA HAD TO DO SOMETHING--OTHERWISE, HOW WOULD IT LOOK?
BUT HER TIMING WAS OFF: T.J. WOULD'VE HAD HIS COMEUPPANCE. LILITH WANTED HIS BLOOD-- MORE THAN HE WANTED TO DISPENSE IT.
NOW, DEPRIVED OF THAT FEAST SHE CRAVED, HER CONTROL EVAPORATES IN A CLOUD OF MADNESS. THESE FELLOWS WHO SO OBLIGINGLY PUT THE GUN IN DELLA'S HAND ARE ABOUT TO MEET THEIR END...
...HORRIBLY.
I OWE YA THIS, B.TCH! NO BROAD'S EVER MADE A FOOL OUTTA ME BEFORE--!
IT WAS-- UNNECESSARY.
YOU'RE SO EXPERT AT IT YOURSELF--!

CHANNNK
LAY DOWN YOUR WEAPON, WOMAN. YOU'VE NO NEED FOR IT NOW.
YOUR FATE IS SEALED. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
Y-YES--!
YOU MUST GIVE ME BACK--THAT WHICH YOU STOLE FROM MY GRASP. ARE YOU AS YOUR MAN WAS IN THIS RESPECT? DO YOU ALSO WISH TO DIE PASSIONATELY?
I--DO--!
AND WILL YOU ALSO DANCE FOR ME, WOMAN?
Y-YES--!
SO THERE IN THE BLOOD-STAINED ALLEYWAY DELLA PERFORMS--A BIZARRE, YET HAUNTINGLY BEAUTIFUL CELEBRATION OF DEATH. JERKING AND WRITHING IN THE CONTROLLED SPASMODIC STYLE OF THE DISCOS, SHE NEVERTHELESS STEPS LIGHTLY, ADROITLY, BETWEEN THE BODIES - SURRENDERING UNCONDITIONALLY TO THE POUNDING BEAT, THE RELENTLESS RHYTHM OF HER OWN FURIOUS HEART.
LILITH WATCHES INTENTLY--HER ANGER METAMORPHOSING FIRST INTO CURIOSITY, THEN TITILLATION--

...AND FINALLY INTO LUST.
THE VAMPIRE, HER OWN HEART RACING, KNEELS BESIDE THE ENERVATED DELLA, WHISPERS A SOFT "THANK YOU"...
...AND TAKES HER.
IT IS OVER IN A MOMENT. THE GIRL LIES DRAINED OF BLOOD AND LILITH RISES... SHAKILY. SHE HAS FOUND THE ENTIRE INCIDENT... VERY DISQUIETING.
SHE DEPARTS AT ONCE.

A SHORT TIME LATER...
ANGEL! IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT! I'VE BEEN WORRIED SICK ABOUT YOU--!
HOW'D IT GO?
I-- I DON'T KNOW.

I HAD ANOTHER BLACKOUT-- AT THE DISCO-- DON'T REMEMBER MUCH, EXCEPT-- I MEAN--
I THINK I AGREE WITH YOU ABOUT THOSE PEOPLE, BUT--!
MARTIN, HAVE YOU NOTICED OUR LIVES HAVE BEEN LACKING A CERTAIN PASSION LATELY...?



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Letters

Galactic Accolades

Simmering Ship Controversy

Sandsong Sobriquets

With merely four appearances to date, Star-Lord has become the space-faring sensation we always knew he would be. So wide has our galactic gladiator's appeal become since his initial outing, that at this very moment plans are underway to feature Star-Lord in his very own Marvelcolor SUPER SPECIAL in just a few short months. And as if that isn't enough to set you agog, you'll also soon see the premiere of Peter Quill in his very own bi-monthly magazine, entitled appropriately enough STAR-LORD! It'll be SF as you've never dreamed of witnessing it before, brought to you by an entirely *new* creative collaboration that's guaranteed to absolutely delight casual reader and cognoscenti alike.

More about the dynamic future next time, but for now, let's take a peek at your rapturous reactions to the recent past..

Dear Rick,

MARVEL PREVIEW #14 was a howling success! Star Lord has more promise than any new character in years, and I can't wait till the next (or, rather, the first) issue of his own book.

The cover was a masterpiece, despite the fact that it bore no relation to the actual story. Perhaps Chris could build a story around it and have Jim Starlin illustrate it. That one picture has more impact than entire stories in most books; think of it placed in context!

"Sandsong" Chris' story was even better than his previous Star-Lord epic, and that took some doing. Carmine Infantino's art, however, left something to be desired. Not that it was bad, really; but very few artists (if any) could match John Byrne's superb rendition of our hero. The only thing really *wrong* with Carmine's art is that his characters often look stiff and unnatural, as on page 23, panel 4 and page 39, panel 4. Still, it was pretty fair, overall.

"Starworld Cyndriana" was only fair. The story, I felt, was poor; badly developed and cliche-ridden. The art, however, was superb! Bob Wakelin's airbrush expertise is surpassed only by one Richard Vance Corben. (When, oh when, will we see Corben at Marvel? He'd be perfect for your new color mags.)

"Detour" was pretty good, but I really prefer comics to profusely-illustrated fiction. However, it was fairly well written and suspenseful, and Alcala's art was as fine as usual.

Lastly, Rick, I'm really looking forward to these new books concocted by yourself and Ralph Macchio. They promise to be superb—especially *Star-Lord!*

Greg Lash
13105 Stillwood Drive
Savannah, GA 31406

Dear People,

When I closed a letter to the now-classic Star-Lord epic in MARVEL PREVIEW #11 with "and let's do it again soon" it was more wishful thinking than anything else. After all, the list of excellent books that have been canned for sales reasons is depressingly long (a bit of fannish cynicism, there). I was therefore delighted to learn of the extensive plans regarding Star-Lord. Here's hoping they all come to fruition.

Now, on to "Sandsong" in MP #14. First of all, the artwork was good in its own right but disappointing in comparison to the truly exquisite Byrne/Austin work in #11. I loved Carmine Infantino's work on Adam Strange as much as anyone, but in "Sandsong" his page layouts were unimaginative and his idiosyncratic figure-drawing—excessive angularity with jutting jaws and noses—was a constant irritant. Bob Wiacek *did* do a good job of filling in Carmine's sketchy pencils with Benday tones, improving the art considerably, but I longed for Byrne and Austin all the way through. *Please* get that team back—they're damn near without peer.

Chris Claremont's writing was, as always, strong on characterization. We received some nice insights into Peter Quill/Star-Lord and into "Ship" as an individual. (Minor quibble: Caryth should have been a bit more exotic looking.) Chris, you'd better have a hell of a good explanation ready for the how's and why's of "Ship's" existence and nature, because she(?) keeps revealing more and more inexplicable abilities. And of course your energy-to-mass ratios are a bit problematic.

Plotwise, the Lorq's destructive tendencies were inadequately explained—natural belligerence, empire-building, or what? Otherwise everything hung together well, and with that insight-filled characterization the tale came through with flying colors.

As for the rest of the 'zine, "Starworld Cyndriana" was an adequate handling of an old plot with Bob Wakelin's fine art carrying the story. "Detour" was an imperfectly-developed vignette. Don and Maggie Thompson's article was a succinct and useful introduction for the neo-fan. And Jim Starlin's cover was superb (if a bit too Flash Gordon ish).

All in all, a fine issue, but *bring Back Byrne and Austin on Star-Lord!*

Ed O'Reilly
215 E. Lehr
Ada, OH 45810

Ed, as you now know from a perusal of PREVIEW #15, the origin of Ship *was* revealed, though there's still much you don't know about that angelic entity. You were one of several who expressed some dissatisfaction on the matter of Ship's previously unmentioned ability to transform into a humanoid of sorts. The persona of Caryth Halyan represented a part of Ship's consciousness, a physical extension of her personality which (through great pains) she was able to mold into a form that would please Peter. The point Chris was making (which several readers did pick up on) was not that Ship could assume a humanoid *shape*, rather, that in truth, she could not become a *real* woman. She was merely mimicing the part, making the story all the more poignant.

We really don't intend to pull powers out of our hats for Ship whenever the opportunity arises. But we do plan to reveal more about her as time passes, with the emphasis on her ever-evolving relationship with Star-Lord, and not on a plethora of new powers.

Much as we'd love to bring back Byrne and Austin to the artistic duties of Star-Lord—no can do, for both those gents are busy creating contemporary classics on the all-new X-MEN mag. But, if you'll just hold tight until next ish, we promise you'll be absolutely blown away by the artistic team-up of the century. .we kid thee not.

Dear Marvelites,

As a constant reader of speculative fiction in all forms, it takes a truly spectacular story to stimulate my jaded "palate" to the point where I send my views via the over-priced postal service to the authors.

MARVEL PREVIEW #14—Star-Lord, is such a spectacular effort.

The storyline is gripping, easily equaling the earlier Star-Lord epic. The relationship of Peter Quill and Ship is as moving as the concept is innovative. I'm sure other readers will echo my demand for more of the same.

The medium of black-and-white magazine artwork has begun reaching maturity. Black-and-White is *not* the same as color, and just as Ingmar Bergman's classic THE SEVENTH SEAL would have lost much of its power if done in color .the airbrushing techniques and fine detail of your B&W artwork convey a different, but no less powerful image as your finest color magazines.

A final note on your daring drawings showing the nude form of Caryth Halyan .I'm sure you'll get nasty letters from outraged mothers concerned that your "dirty" pictures are turning little Johnny's brain to yogurt and causing the hair to grow on the palms

of his hands at an even faster rate.

Please, don't give in and don't back down to those who would control my right to read and see and hear what I want. Frankly, I would have been much more offended had you expected me to believe that a newly created person sprang forth fully clothed from the brow of Ship. I find strategically placed fig leaves which defy the laws of gravity less believable than a space opera about a man who talks to his starship. Dare to be innovative. If there is in fact a "New Wave" of speculative fiction, it's up to the comicbook and magazine creative talents to continue breaking new ground.

On the other hand, if this realistic treatment was to degenerate to mere titillation of the masses I'd be equally disappointed.

Keep up the good work, and give us more of Star-Lord.

Eve Ackerman
4140 NW 19th Drive
Hogtown, FL 32605

Thanks for the kind words, Eve, they're much appreciated. Truth to tell, we did receive several diatribes berating us for stooping to the levels of sensationalism, etc. The place (if such there is) for nudity in comics magazines, cinema, or television has been debated recently to an exasperating extent from every conceivable forum. To be frank, we don't have the ultimate answer to that question—nobody does really. All anyone can do is exercise what is deemed tasteful judgment in the presentation of material over which they have control, and hope for the best. Obviously, we did not feel the nude figure of Caryth was done in such a manner as to arouse lascivious thoughts in our readers' minds, or blatantly parade the human anatomy for its own sake. We felt that if Ship did assume a human form, its initial appearance would be unclothed—and we chose to draw it as such, simply another part of the story. Whether we stand as subjects for aquittal or execution is up to you to decide. And that's the way we want it, with each reader free to make his or her own decision. And if there's one thing our fans seem able to do, it's make up their own minds with no help from us.

Dear Editor:

I'm incredibly disappointed.

After all the wait, and after the incredible second appearance of *Star-Lord* (MARVEL PREVIEW #11), I get almost physically ill thinking about the latest *Star-Lord* (MARVEL PREVIEW #14). Let's examine the two to see why the latest was so poor.

Story: *Star-Lord*'s second appearance was fabulous! Like STAR WARS, but even better! Those incredible "Impie" forces, Star-Lord's relation to "Ship", Kip and Sandy, that incredible sword battle, and that fantastic ending! And . . . and . . . aargh! There were so many elements of exceptional quality that I can't *begin* to name them all.

Then, *Star-Lord*'s third appearance. A plot that rates up there with the 1950's "SF" (I hate to insult SF by relating it with these things) B-pictures—you know, "The Ants that Ate New York". Or should I say, "The Ants that Ate Star-Lord"? And having "Ship" manifest herself as a human woman ruins the very uniqueness of Star-Lord's relationship with her. Besides, that use of over-bosomed women, scantily-clad (or un-clad), has become such a gimmick to "hold the reader's attention" that the first moment "Ship" changed I almost tossed the mag away right there. I mean, every bad thing MP *#11 avoided* being, MP #14 was.

Art: MP #11 was unbelievable. John Byrne should have gotten some kind of award for that. Really. Again, there were too many overwhelming things to begin mentioning them.

MP #14. Sigh. If Carmine Infantino cannot draw people (his faces were especially bad), then he shouldn't have bothered to come back as a comic artist. In all fairness, though, I must admit that his space scenes equalled and sometimes surpassed Mr. Byrne's. Also, Wiacek's extensive use of zip-a-tone was a treat. That splash page, certainly, made me hope for greater things which he didn't give us.

In conclusion, all I can say is that if Mr. Claremont (I can hardly believe both books were written by the same person) doesn't write up to the *capabilities* he has shown in MP #11, and if you at Marvel can't get a better artist than Carmine Infantino, you might as well forget about publishing the four-color comic because it would hardly be a worthwhile proposition.

Tom McCarthy
8936 Stynbrook Drive
Boise, ID 83704

Tom, you've mentioned a number of items which were brought up in other correspondence, and we'd like to respond. While we're as much in awe of PREVIEW #11 as anyone, we never intended each and every *Star-Lord* epic to have the same galaxy-spanning, space opera feel. One of the things we're most excited about with *Star-Lord* is that the entire universe, literally, is ours to play with, allowing for an endless variety of potential storylines. Chris Claremont deliberately aimed for a wholly different approach and setting in #15, wanting to use the single planetary setting as a chance to firm up the characters and their relationship with each other. STAR WARS was mind-staggering, but there's much much more to science fiction, and we'll be touching all the bases along the way. We most emphatically will *not* be doing merely one type of story, no matter how popular its particular sub-genre may be at the current time. There'll be something for everyone along the way—we hope.

Dear People,

MARVEL PREVIEW #14 was at once very enjoyable and a bit disappointing. It was not that the stories were either exceptional or mundane, but an odd combination of the two.

The main story, "Sandsong" by Chris Claremont/Carmine Infantino, was my personal favorite. It developed quickly and forcefully with no wasted panels or words. Still, there were two problems with it. First of all, Chris never mentioned why the Lorq wanted the Trinity at all. This lack of explanation is always annoying when you read a story. Secondly, the art simply did not stand up when compared to the incredibly beautiful job John Byrne turned in for the previous *Star-Lord* novel. Still, I am quite happy to learn that the saga of the *Star-Lord* will soon be presented in its own book: these year-long waits between stories can kill a guy.

A side note on the *Star-Lord* episode before I move on. As I read and re-read the story, I got the distinct impression that this adventure occurred after the first *Star-Lord* story by Englehart and Gan and before the second by Claremont and Byrne. The character of Peter Jason Quill seems to be in flux from the madman he was originally to the more pleasant and sane man he had evolved into under Claremont and Byrne. Now then, am I right or not?

The article by Don and Maggie Thompson was well written and thought out. As one of those who never seems to get beyond the fringes of fandom, it is nice to have a beginner's guide of sorts to refer to.

"Starworld Cyndriana" did not really impress me. The art was very nicely done, but to me art is the icing on the cake. While Bob Wakelin deserves praise for it, it cannot be said to have saved the story. David Kraft's story simply did not impress me in any way, shape, or form. Ah well, maybe next time.

The final offering, "Detour," was not at all bad. The story and Cathy Bailey's personality both developed well enough to bring the story to an interesting, though slightly inconclusive, conclusion. The problem here would have to be a feeling that there is nothing really exciting about the story after it has been read once. This is hardly a cause for despair, but neither should it be seen as cause for celebration.

Some final matters before I end this letter. To begin with, I agree with James Y. Aube on the matter of having mixtures of different characters and storylines in your various over-sized books. While I personally favor three such to each book, two would do equally as well In either case, the idea of each strip in turn leading off the magazine appeals to me strongly. Secondly, when Peter Quill is placed in his own book I suggest that Bill Mantlo's series, *The Sword in the Star*, be revived to be the companion feature. Considering that I found it much more interesting than the original *Star-Lord* story, I think that it deserves continuation.

With that said, I wish all those involved in this issue the best fortune and my thanks. It was hardly a perfect piece of work, but it was, overall, quite good. Good day.

Brian Jordan
53125 Oahton Drive
South Bend, IN

Brian, your impressions notwithstanding, issue #14's *Star-Lord* tale did not occur prior to #11's. Each has followed in sequence. While the character of Peter Quill may have made a radical change of certain personality traits between his first and second appearances, the change was a logical outgrowth of his satiated lust for vengeance being replaced by his sense of wonder at becoming Star-Lord. Still, we have by no means frozen Quill into a character stasis. In the upcoming months there will be dramatic changes that will move and shake you, regarding the very nature of Star-Lord himself.

Dear people,

I really liked MARVEL PREVIEW #14. The cover was wonderful except for Star-Lord's lack of a helmet. The editorial left me with the feeling that this title is in good hands. I'm ecstatic that Star-Lord will be receiving his own series, but I don't want it in full-spectrum color. He, like Conan, was made for the black-and-white medium. But I would like to see a color portfolio of Star-Lord by different artists.

On the other hand, "Starworld Cyndriana" was a lousy story and I hate airbrushing. "Detour" was pretty good. I like the idea of a prose piece with accompanying illustrations.

Now on to the big stuff. I loved "Sandsong". I much prefered Ship in her human incarnation. Next time out, I would like a longer story on a more galactic scale. I was let down to see Star-Lord stuck on a planet (sans helmet, no less). The art was simply breathtaking. Wiacek inks Infantino beautifully.

Jon Green
415 Shelter Rd.
Ronkomkoma, NY 11779

Much as we've been pleased with the look of the art on *Star-Lord*, it's hard to believe someone would not want to see the cosmic chronicles of Peter Quill unfold in lush color, given the choice between that and b&w. And the same goes for our hard-battling Cimmerian, Conan. Please give the new color look a chance, Jon, and we think it won't take long for you to be completely won over to the new approach.

PREVIEW REVIEW
Marvel Magazines
575 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

I'll guide you into your own

• While keeping your you like to gross $14 or

a true story

SOME YEARS AGO I was a printer in a small Michigan town.

I drew a pretty fair pay check but it wouldn't stretch far enough to provide the kind of living I wanted for my wife and five children.

Then one day I was reading a magazine just as you now are and I saw an ad. It intrigued me. It offered me the steadily growing income I had always hoped for. It said I would have greater security and personal independence . . . and that's what I had been wanting.

I was a little skeptical, but I said to myself, "for a postage stamp I can find out." So I mailed the coupon. In a few days, I got a letter with a booklet that gave the whole story. It opened my eyes. I could see why owning my own business was so much easier than I had always thought . . . why the day to day guidance of a successful worldwide organization could assure my own success.

I read the booklet several times. It just seemed too good to be true. I talked it over with my wife. We decided that **now** was the time to make the forward step . . . there was no reason to keep postponing an income increase.

So, I applied for a Duraclean dealership and I was accepted. I stayed with my job . . . ran a few ads . . . sent some mailings . . . contacted a few stores and told my friends about the superior services I was now equipped to give them. Evenings and Saturdays, I rendered the service. As the business grew, I added servicemen.

I found that I didn't have to develop a single idea myself. Every step had been prepared for me and pre-tested. Hundreds of other men had already proven my methods successful.

It didn't take long to see that I was making three to four times (yes, 3 to 4 times) as much per hour in my own business as in my printing job. So, after only seven months with a good following of customers, I quit my job to go full time on my own. In the meantime, I had enjoyed all this extra income on top of my salary.

Each day, we realized what a **serious** mistake not mailing that coupon would have been . . . and how that little act that seemed so trivial at the time actually changed our lives.

The steadily growing income brought us many things we could not afford before. My efforts were so much more productive. I scheduled my time to my own liking. When we wanted a day or two off, we took it. I worked hard but, if I wanted to be home early or quit at noon, I did.

I became so enthusiastic about this business and so appreciative of what it had brought my family that, whenever a man opened a dealership near me, I helped him get a quick start.

The company learned about this and had each new dealer in my section of Michigan spend a day with me. One day the president of Duraclean Company asked me how I would like to move to Headquarters and spend my entire time helping dealers to increase their sales and profits.

That was good news to my ears. Since then I have worked with hundreds of our dealers in their own towns and at regional meetings, con-

step by step thriving business

present job, would $21 profit per hour?

by Bob Ferrel

ventions and dealer group meetings.

Incidentally I sold my dealership at a good profit. If for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and help him sell.

Our job here at headquarters is to show each individual Duraclean dealer how to use his own abilities to bring him greatest success.

It's Easier than You Think To Build Your Own Business

If you've wanted to BE YOUR OWN BOSS... to become financially independent and have a fast growing income, now YOU CAN. And you own a Nationally Advertised business.

You can stay at your present job while your customer list grows . . . then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicemen to do. One job a day brings a good starting income.

If you hire two servicemen (full or part time) while you keep your job, the national price guide provides you a gross profit of $14 an hour on their work and this is much easier to do than you think. **We show you how . . .** step by step. That's $490 for a 35 hour week.

Your gross profit on three servicemen is $21 per hour. An efficient Duraclean dealer can gross $7 per hour on EACH serviceman plus $12 an hour on any service he himself renders. The 24 page illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) explains how most of your gross profit becomes **clear net profit.** Your income is limited only by the number of servicemen you employ.

You can operate from a shop, office, or your home. Equipment is light and portable.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself . . . or you can start with full or part time servicemen. This business is easy to learn . . . easy to start . . . so easy to service that women dealers do it. We prefer you have no experience . . . not have to "unlearn" old ways.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you **step by step** how to quickly get customers . . . and still more customers from their recommendations.

You have 7 superior services that are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, clubs, motels and institutions.

These are not ordinary services. You have the prestige and endorsement of leading furniture makers and carpet mills, of National Magazine editors, of Research and Testing Laboratories.

National magazine advertising explains superior merits of **your** services, builds **your** customer confidence and brings job leads to **you.**

Stores, upholsterers, insurance adjustors, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

Start Small, Grow Big in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing . . . a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan . . . and those same men are now enjoying a Duraclean dealership in many communities. You don't experiment. You use **tested, proven** methods. You have **our backing and "know how."**

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation. You'll then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big. A third century ago Duraclean was an idea . . . but it caught fire and spread to a world wide service.

Our first service, the care of upholstery and carpets not only cleans, it enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. Pile rises with **new life.** There's no harsh machine scrubbing. No soaking. Mild aerated foam lightly applied lifts out dirt, grease, many unsightly spots like magic. Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

Government figures show service businesses are **growing faster** than industries and stores . . . $750 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. Your **6 other services** are explained in the free booklet we'll mail you.

Only $1985 starts you in YOUR OWN business. A day's profit more than pays the monthly payments we finance for you.

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with **no obligation whatever,** mail the coupon TODAY. Cut it out NOW so you won't forget to mail it.

Mail this coupon TODAY
It may put you in business

Duraclean International
8-63N **Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015**

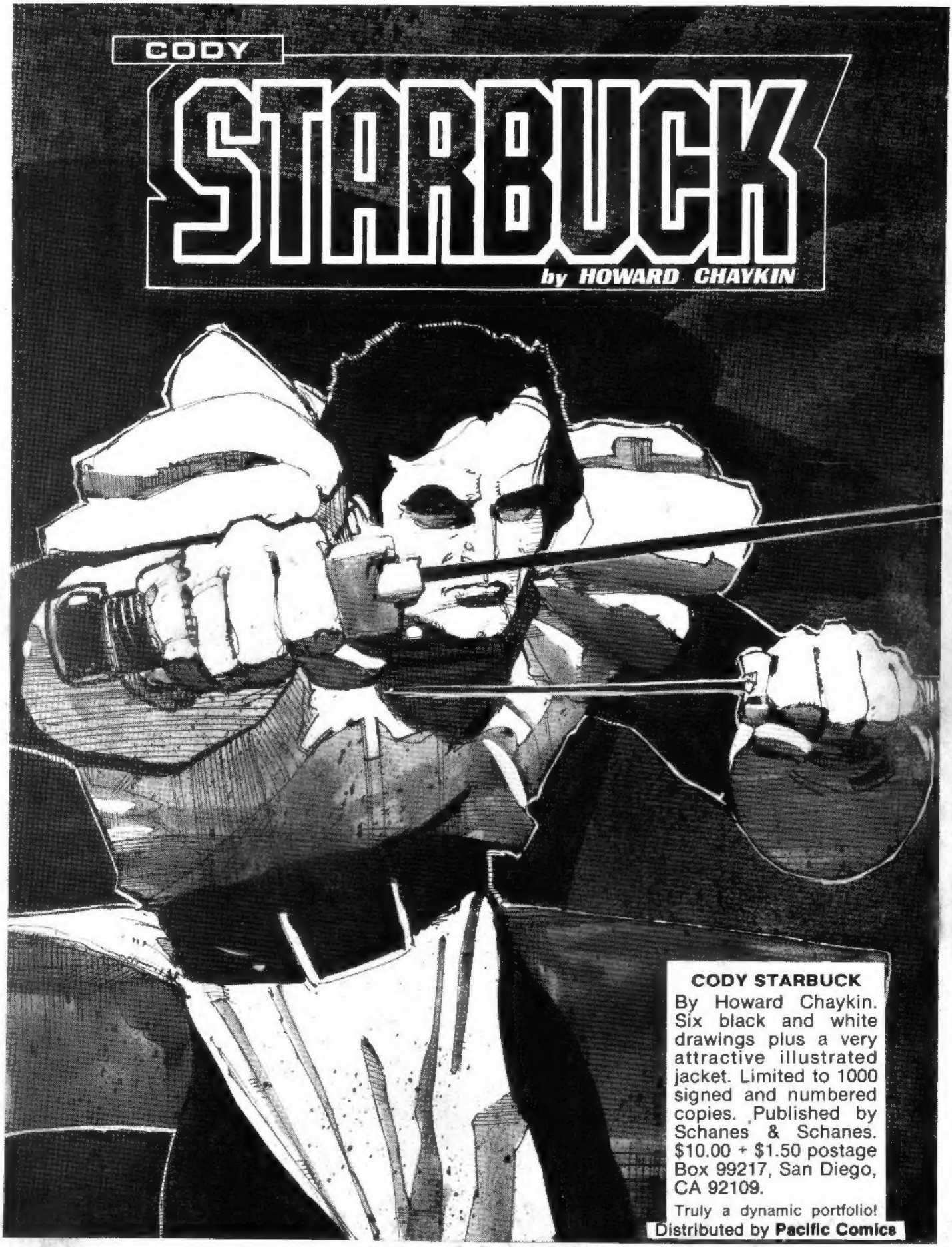
With no obligation, mail 24 page illustrated booklet telling how and why I can quickly increase my income and family security **while still employed,** how you'll help finance me. No salesman will call.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State & Zip_____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